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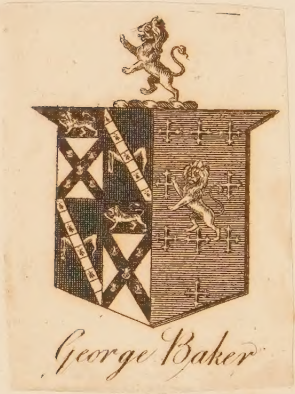
1st Vol.

Eaton Stannard Barrett



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THE

MISS-LED GENERAL;

A

Serio-Comic,

SATIRIC, MOCK-HEROIC

ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

Rising Sun.

" For many years he drove
" A kind of *broking-trade* in love." *Hudibras.*

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THE

MISS-LED GENERAL.

CHAPTER I.

We sing the Man—(read it who list)
A BRITON true as, &c.

Virgil Trav.

WE, who have so prettily paid our respects to the *Rising Sun*,—the most magnanimous *Squire* that ever was designed to be *Lord* of a *Manor*;—we, who have gained to ourselves so much popular applause, and to our bookseller so much profit, by our *moral biography*;—we cannot dismiss the subject without screwing up our feeble efforts to the pitch of handing down to posterity the achievements, as well in the fields of Venus as of Mars, of one of the *fleetest*

generals of his age, whether in retreating from his enemies, or flying to his mistresses.

Although none can with justice deny to our general, Frederic Gildrig, the courage of ACHILLES, yet how very dissimilar have been their fates! Homer's hero lost his life through one of his *heels* ;* and ours has always been indebted to both his *heels* for his safety. We would not be thought to insinuate that—

"cor illi in genua concidebat—"

his heart lay in his heels. No—the house of *Gildrig* have been always noted for their bravery, and for their *obstinacy*. Our hero is sufficiently tinctured with the latter as well as the former but he has had more examples than the est of his family, of the folly of kicking against the pricks.—Great were his errors, and rude—very rude were the checks ; but every thing is fair in war. His head has often carried him into scrapes, whence it could not extricate him;

* One of his heels.]—*Achilles,* when an infant, was dipped by his mother Thetis, in the river Styx, to render him invulnerable. He became so in every part save the heel by which his mother held him, and in which he was mortally wounded by an arrow from the bow of *Paris*.

which proves that if his *heart* do not lie in his *heels*, his *wit* holds her judgement-seat there. Amidst such a dearth of that *article*, it is well to have it any where. But envy ever, and disappointment often, run at the heels of merit like snarling curs, eager for a snap at them; and there have been persons ill-natured enough to term our hero's fine retreats—flights! *Flights* by all the devils in hell or on earth, or in the sky, and may they fly away with them for their malice! That poet knew his business, who said that—

> "Some, by a wise retreat, have more renown,
> Than other captains, by a conquest, won."

It is true, we cannot applaud his sagacity in avoiding the necessity of his so famed retreats; but we must allow that he has proved his courage by running into hostile countries helter-skelter, ding dong, right or wrong, butting like an enraged bull with his head; and has shewn his skill in retreating by turning round, scampering off, devil take the hindmost, and keeping the foe trotting after his heels like running footmen. Even when his head had entangled him beyond the power of his heels to extricate him-

he shewed himself a *dead hand* at an armistice, and buying himself off at the expence of some thousands of prisoners taken by more experienced commanders. But whether our hero ever entertained the idea before, or not, we will take the liberty of telling him, that *thinking persons* are convinced that a *head*, a tolerably well brained one, is a very necessary appendage to the *et-cætera* of a general,—almost as necessary as to us romance-writers. A head is necessary to guide the arm which is to strike. *Lee* the poet, who was as mad as his own *Alexander*, or as our *Alexander*, confirms this fact:—

"How great's the care, the toil, the ling'ring pain,
That racks a general's breast, and breaks his *brain*."

Now, we doubt not our readers will have sense enough to know that where there is brain, there must be a head, although there may be a head without brain. It is allowed by those who have a head with brain in it, that the military profession is one which requires some previous study and experience to qualify a man for the arduous task of a *leader*:—

——————————"For, art
"And conduct are of war the better part,
"And more avail than strength.

But our hero, with his head,—brain or no brain, has twice rush'd into battle, in search of the bubble reputation; the first time without any previous experience, and the second time with only the dear-bought experience of the disasters of the first, and by which, it seems, he had too much magnanimity to profit, lest he might distress his enemy too much.—It is far easier for a man to prove himself

"A downright fighting fool—a thick-scull'd hero—"

than a cool and collected leader, who can reap advantage from the errors of his enemy, and speedily discover and retrieve his own.—"*The third time of trial*," say old women, "*is lucky*." —"It may be made upon our own ground, and pray heaven we may find it so!" says a fool and citizen; and "amen!" cry all the old fools and citizens of the realm.—There will be no retreating for us then, and our only choice must lie between victory or slavery. The principal talent of our commander will then be of no avail; we must be led on to victory, and we would wish him to consider whether there may be any prospect of it, *illo duce*, or whether there are not to be found other generals, who have had more experience, and to

whom victory is not altogether a stranger.—Our commander is at present like—(Reader, we shall never scruple to sacrifice elegance to the propriety of a simile)—a *flea* in a *tar-barrel;* the more it strives to get free, and deliver its feet from the clammy jail, the deeper it sinks, and the faster it is hampered by it. Let him take heed therefore. The proverb says—"*The wise may be instructed by a fool.*"—He has read, I dare say, how by the advice, counsel, or prediction of *fools*, many kings, princes, states, and commonwealths have been preserved—several battles gained—and divers doubts of a most perplexed intricacy resolved. Let him consider therefore, (if he will be counselled by *us*); let him consider that the present is the momentous crisis on which his father's *estate*, the property, lives, and, which is still dearer, the liberties—the few remaining ones—of all his *tenants* depend. Let him consider that *we*, the faithful recorder of the prowess of his *arms* and *loins*, have so bespattered the little swaggering blade with whom he will, perhaps, have to run a tilt, that if he should be overthrown, we, in all probability, shall

swing* for it; as it is not every hero that is possessed of fortitude or magnanimity enough to bear his own failings, with that sweetness of temper which is inherent to himself, and we may add, to that *sweet* Squire, his brother. Amiable gentlemen!—Our humanity would not permit us to suffer them to fling themselves to the devil before their time, without a seasonable bit of salutary admonition. We have administered (although Macbeth's physician could not perform the like task) to the diseased mind of the *Squire*. Pray heaven the dose may operate to his benefit! if not, we must leave him to himself as *incurable*. Our *general*, too, shall find a friend—a *warm* friend in us, if he will take our medicine; but if he throw it to the dogs, let him beware of some dogs' tricks. Men, of any rank whatever, play a desperate game when their all

* If the author had written in the present day, he might have said—we shall be PALM'D for it, in allusion to PALM the German bookseller, who was murdered by BUONAPARTE for publishing some work which was disagreeable to him, perhaps because (according to lord Mansfield's *liberal* construction of the doctrine of libels) they *contained the truth.*

is at stake. Although *crowns* are but *glittering baubles*, as the Pegasus-mounted (*Anglicè*, garret-mounted) poets, in their disdain of worldly affairs, would have us believe; yet few *kings* are poets, and fewer of them would willingly resign their principalities. *Coronets* are pretty *play-things*, and yet *nobles* are loth to stake them on the chance of war. *Mitres* and *lawn-sleeves* are *right reverend fools' caps*, and *old women's decorations*, and yet it would be thought a profanation of them to see the former placed on the heads of dancing dogs for the amusement of some demirep of an *empress*, and the latter converted into petticoats to cover the sinful rumps of her tag-rag-and-bobtail maids—(no; hang that obsolete word)—*ladies of honour*. *Privilege* of *parliament* is a very snug thing to those members who are over head and ears in debt, or who wish to provide for themselves, their relations, or friends; and it would sorely grieve those *faithful*, *honest*, and *liberal* gentlemen, to find that there was nothing left to give away, and, worse still, nothing more to receive. Life is sweet; Bards are very fond of it; and it would be a terrible affair to *us*, as well as some little loss to the

trade (the booksellers), if we should be drilled with a bullet, or *susp. per coll.*, by the order of some hop-o'-my-thumb, upstart usurper.—Now, as no king relishes the loss of a crown; no bishop but is enamoured with his mitre and lawn-sleeves; no M. P.* would like to be defiled by the touch of a sheriff's officer, nor to forego all hopes of a share of the loaves and fishes: No bard (consequently *ourselves*) would relish a leaden or hempen diet; therefore do we, one and all of us, from the head to the tail, and from the tail to the heel, beseech our commander to consider, whether some more skilful and fortunate gamester, cannot be found to throw the dice which is to decide our fate. If vanity makes him obstinately retain the box from abler hands, let him, at least, summon all the corps of experienced veterans about him, and submit the management of the dice entirely to them. He

* These initials are exclusively applied to *Members of Parliament:* but on comparing the alphabet and dictionary, we have *discovered* that they will also apply to *mouthing patriots—men* of *pith*—and *mumping place* or *pension hunters.*

will then only have to throw them out, and cannot do any considerable hurt. *General Raw-bone* will be particularly serviceable to him by whispering in his ear (as étiquette forbids a *sub-altern* to storm the ear postern of his *superior*) the advice which he once thundered out among his *peers* or *equals*.—"In case of an invasion," said he, "let every commanding officer, who shall desert his post, whatever may be the pressure, be decapitated."—There are few generals who would not prefer honour, and the chance of war, to ignominy, and a certainty of the scaffold.—We will throw in *our* advice, too, military abuses, such as the sale of commissions to the highest bidders:—peculations in commanders of regiments, by curtailing the allowance of the men, are the bane of a service, as the former introduces *hermaphrodites* into it, and the latter render the men discontented with it. Above all, let him remember that brave officers should be uncontrolled by any, save their immediate commanders, and their duty. Let them be no longer subjected to a switch of *green-wood!!!*

If the trial should ever be made *on these shores*, his *prudent* father will set him the ex-

ample of temperance in every kind of pleasure —venereal or bacchanalian;—our bishops will pray for him; they never fight themselves, although they generally give the war-whoop (Church and King! or some such blood-thirsty words) to set mankind together by the ears; our representatives will give *liberally*—though as little as possible of their own;—and WE will pray heaven to send him a small stock of *sense*, in addition to his vast store of courage, and plenteous crop of (alas, for us!) *woeful* experience. We beg him to consider all this maturely, and may heaven consider him, and all of us!—May its gentle dew revive and refresh our hero's withered laurels!—May his victories, in embryo, prove Lethéan waters to his past defeats!—May we have occasion to chaunt:—

He comes—the conqu'ring hero comes!

May our faithful representatives be less liberal to themselves and their hangers-on, and more so to the veterans who have fought and bled for their country!—May peace and plenty remunerate us all for past storms and dearth!—And may beauties (beyond Circassian)—that great reward with which,—

" The batter'd soldier crowns his glorious labours
" And softens all the rugged toils of war;—

—be added to our commander's seraglio, and strength to his loins equal to the enjoyment of them!

We are no ill-natured satirist. By heaven! we would ten thousand times rather tune the lyre to sing his victories than his defeats. We hope he will give us an opportunity of doing so, if the enemy dare to cross the moat. We seek no reward, we would accept neither a cornetcy of dragoons for our daughter Mary-Anne, nor an ensigncy for our daughter Laura, although we have no sons, and services deserve recompence. Such a grant of these baubles, however, would not be unprecedented, as it is well known that two venerable *maiden ladies* lately held *military commissions*, although they must have been long unfit for *actual service;* whereas our girls are in their infancy, and bid fair to make two bouncing lasses, as fit for riding the great horse, or flourishing a silk gown pattern at the end of a tailor's yard, as many of the *petti-coated* gentlemen who owe their introduction to similar honours, merely to the pet-

ticost. No: we wish to see all the *three* species of human nature confine themselves to their proper sphere of action. Let the *men* serve their country by fighting its battles; let the *hermaphrodites* (the street-loungers and men-milliners) serve their mistresses and masters, by softening bits of paper, and behaving obligingly behind their counters: and let the fair sex serve the common cause by increasing the population, which is the real strength of a country. It is monstrous to us to behold—it must be daggers to the hearts of the brave veterans of the army to be obliged (through fear of the *green-wood* switch) to associate with those *things* of the *middle* species, many of whom step into gentlemen's company, where they have never been before, except in their proper places—behind their master's or mistress's chairs. Pray avoid it!

We repent, that we would not have the *General* trouble himself to think of any such reward for us. However unfashionably it may sound at the present day, we wish to serve our country before ourselves. We sung the praises of the *Squire*, his brother, without a farthing; and the *General's* shall cost him no more. We

will not be outdone in generosity by those advertising doctors who profess to give advice to the poor, *gratis*. The *Squire* and the *General* are always *poor*, from the multifarious acts of *virtuous beneficence* in which they indulge themselves—rather too largely for the circumstances of the *country*. Therefore, *sans* post, pension, commission, or a single guinea out of Mr. *Green-timber's* purse, we will pray heaven to send wit to fools; a little more money to those who want it; and better times to us all.

CHAPTER II.

"————————Thy *birth?*
"Did I not early teach thee to despise
"A *casual* good? Thou art *thyself*——"

YES, Reader; it is a folly to pride thyself on high, or to be ashamed of low birth, since both are chance-medley, and Nature has made all men equal.—If thou hast improved upon Nature's gifts; if, by study, reflection, or habit, thou hast made thyself a wise, good, virtuous man; then, in God's name, be proud of *thyself.* It is an *honest* pride, and God will uphold thee in it.——But to our *romance.*

It has ever been the custom with *romance-writers*, like ourselves, to give some account of the birth, parentage, and education of their heroes; and we shall comply with the vulgar prejudice, although we think it savours rather too much of that other class of writers, who get an extra-pot

of porter by a similar biography of unfortunate malefactors on hanging-days.

Know then, gentle, and, perhaps, simple, Reader, that *our hero* was born, much in the *usual* way. There are always the same qualms, the same groaning, moaning, crying, dying, and introduction, followed by the same laughing, quaffing, tittering, tattling, clicking, clacking, squalling, bawling, and gossiping, attendant on the delivery of a *sempstress* as of an *empress;* and with reason too, since the occasion is the same—the birth of a man or woman child. Mankind are born equal; and courage, magnanimity, virtue, or some extraordinary talents, can alone elevate one above another.

"Birth is a shadow. Courage, self-sustain'd,
"Outlords succession's privilege, and needs no ancestors.
"I am above descent; and prize no blood."

Hill's *Merope.*

Birth does not ensure succession.—Do you doubt it?—Look round you; *we* have more instances of *mushroom* emperors and empresses, and *dunghill* kings and queens, than ever the world before exhibited: and, encouraged by these freaks of fortune, we need never em-

brace and solace our wives without saying to ourselves: Who knows but the issue of all this may come to be a king or an emperor, a queen or an empress?—The very thought of it is an improvement upon a life which seems incapable of being improved upon.—Well, our hero was, by chance, high—very high born.

READER.

What! in a garret?

AUTHOR.

No, bless your soul! But you might very well ask the question, as the term is extremely ridiculous, though very common:—Our hero was born of parents who, either by their merit or demerit, good or bad deeds, great or little actions, by chance, or *by the grace of God*, had climbed to the top of fortune's wheel, where it is our most fervent prayer that the grace of God may keep them—so long as they shall be worthy of it.—Our hero, therefore, was born to be a *great man*, whether a wit or simpleton: that is to say, in spite of himself: and he will remain so in spite of himself, and the opinion of the world

Ancestry has been in all former ages, esteemed and revered, and with reason, when it was a *stimulus* to glory; but in this *refined*, as some term it, though we should term it, *degraded* age, when it is the fashion to boast of a licentiousness of opinion even in the most sacred and important concerns; it is no subject of astonishment, that daring, desperate, and envious men, from a levelling disposition, should decry dignities and distinctions, and aim particularly at extirpating the deference heretofore paid to high birth. Genealogies, or pedigree, they have endeavoured to cut up root and branch by the operation of that most powerful lever—*ridicule;* and they have not failed to make numerous proselytes, not so much by the strength of their arguments, as from the humour of the present age, to explode ancient customs, as superstitious, antiquated or absurd, and to substitute their own castles in the air. What, if their attempt should succeed? will it be productive of any one benefit? Will it tend to reform the vices of the present or any future generation, or to augment the few virtues remaining among us? Will it

extirpate the voluptuousness and effeminacy of our present race of *nobles**, and bring back the hospitality and martial bravery, for which they were once so famed, but which has been long since extinct? We do not think it will; and the foundations for doubt are so strong as to induce every wise man—

"———rather to bear those ills we have,
"Than fly to others that we know not of."

Let us rather see where our present constitution is decayed, and seek out proper remedies.—Let us enquire into causes and effects. It is wisdom to inculcate and countenance family honour; as there can be no sharper spur to a spirit of emulation. It was this that, in a great degree, heightened the valour of our hardy ancestors. They were aware that their repute would not be confined to the short period of their own lives, but that it would descend to their posterity. Then family vied with family, which should produce the greatest number of heroes, and cover themselves with most glory. This was their

* The Reader may, perhaps, think that *ignobles* would be a more proper term.

grand incentive to magnanimity, hospitality, and benevolence. It was this thirst after family-renown that animated them to brave all dangers, and meet death with transport. There is no truth more obvious than that if men will not act greatly for the enhancing of their family honour, they seldom will be induced to do it for the good of their country; as, the more diffuse connections become, the less interested will they think themselves.—Let us now contrast the present race of Nobles, and we shall find, that all its pageantry is no more to be compared with the solid and durable honours of those that are past, than are the shows of *Bartholomew-Fair* with the exhibitions of *Covent-Garden* and *Drury-Lane Theatres*. It is now no longer accounted of any consideration to be born of ancestors, who have eminently distinguished themselves by any worthy acts of public utility: no—the man of yesterday, by the possession of opulence, however oppressively or fraudulently acquired; *biscuit-bakers*, *contractors*, *foragers*, *swine-feeders*, *brewers*, *usurious Jews*, are all held in equal estimation with the descendants of our ancient Nobility. The consequence is, that exaltation has given

way to a spirit of speculation, and, alas! of peculation!; and the desire of fame—that source of so many achievements, is, in a manner, extinguished. Man lives, uninfluenced by the conduct of his progenitors, and unawed by the odium which infamous actions will leave upon record. Old *Philpot's* maxim is now become the rage—"Get money, my son;—honestly if you can: but get money:"—That is, any way it is to be got. Persons of mean birth assume not only armorial bearings, although their fathers had scarcely coats to their arms;—but even coronets. To such folks, *Menage's* jest may be well applied:—*The arms of new families are, for the most part, the signs of their old shops!* This ever has been, and ever will be the case whilst corrupt *stewards* must have corrupt *mainlies*. Whenever the opposition runs high, the poorer representatives are bribed, and the richer are wheel'd by cart-loads into the ranks of nobility, to get a *yea* or *nay* ascendency.—May the Lord, of his infinite mercy, keep *us* out of such company, although we should not be the least surprized at the offer of a patent! In short, such is the temper of the times,

that as a shirtless fortune-hunter may make a proper emperor, and a common trull be transformed into a decent empress; any thing—a *jackass*, and his *jenny*, will do well enough for a lord and lady.—Out upon it! Rank was never instituted for such vile ends. — Alas! humble, sufficiently humble is the lot of humanity, without our seeking to degrade it. Many, who can boast of royal blood and lineage, are now wandering beggars, and despised vagrants; while many are figuring away as emperors, empresses, kings, queens, lords and ladies, who were once no higher than ourselves, and were possessed only, in common with the meanest of mankind, of a vast desire to be rich and great. Yet we bow our knees before these wooden idols! — Pest on it! that amidst all this pushing and squeezing into place, we cannot elbow ourselves even into a paltry secretaryship of war, or some such sneaking birth, for the good of our country;—we would accept it on *no other conditions!* —We comfort ourselves, however, that, in return for this neglect of *all our talents*, we value the jacks-in-office no higher than they estimate us: and so we shall continue our *independent* lucubrations.

Birth is not to be immoderately esteemed; as we must know that the most illustrious families, when traced to their origin, were at first obscure, and by no means distinguished from the common race of mortals. However mortifying may be the reflection, yet many of the greatest families that ever existed, after gradually emerging from obscurity, to the greatest eminence, wealth, and power, have only been conspicuous during two or three centuries, and have as progressively dwindled, or by some convulsion been suddenly hurled into the gulph of oblivion. This variety in the fortune of individuals must be owing to the revolutions of empires, as the lesser wheels in mechanics obey the impulse of the greater. Empires and kingdoms have ever had a rise, meridian, and setting; and can families, which are only so many limbs of states, expect to find a more durable existence? No; Providence never designed that there should be any thing in humanity for us to rely upon, and those are conceited fools who clothe themselves with haughtiness and arrogance, instead of wearing a humble and engaging deportment.

If we were certain that good qualities,—courage, generosity, benevolence, and the like, were influenced by blood, and inherent from descent, we might be proud of birth. Alas! we oftener see the infirmities, and maladies of human nature—madness, gout, gonorrhœa, violent and inordinate passions, transmitted from parent to offspring. Then birth is a chimera, and man is—*himself*.—This is certain, as we daily behold men who, without the advantages of it, are possessed of the most valuable qualifications; whilst, on the contrary, there are many of the highest rank tainted by the most odious and profligate dispositions.

Still we believe that where persons have, by proper tuition, been duly impressed with a just and due veneration for the virtues of their ancestors, they are not often known to deviate glaringly from them. Nay further, we are persuaded that, next to religion, nothing has so strongly actuated thinking men, nor produced so many good and brave characters, as a desire to tread in the steps of their forefathers.

What pity then that so pure a source should be polluted!

Such a spirit, however visionary its basis, should become national, and be cherished, especially amongst a *military people*, as our enemies have forced us to become. Whose praises then can be so worthy of the strains of the *bard* of *bards*, (so we *modestly* think ourselves,) as those of the *bishop* of *bishops*, the *hero* of *heroes*, the *generalissimo* of *generals*, the——but we need not name him. His *virtues* have not so secluded him in the Paphian bowers, but that we may, at times, all stare at him, and wish his boots may never more require a new soaling on account of another flight—unless it be in pursuit of a flying enemy. Heaven grant our wishes!

Having thus gone through the usual routine of an author, in giving some account of our hero's birth and parentage, we have to add that he cried, whined, plied the nipple, puked up what he had gulped down, bep—s'd and bewrayed himself, like all other children. We have no account of any extraordinary phenomenon of nature attending his

birth, save that some pretend that *Mars* looked paler than usual. If this was so, it might be through envy of our greater warrior. Neither have we heard of his doing any Herculean feat whilst in his cradle, such as strangling a brace of serpents; but, for what we know, he might have been a dead-hand at killing flies. However, we shall record no more than what we do know, or have witnessed; which measure we, though only a simple *romance-writer*, recommend as an example to the *grandees* of *biography* and *travels*.—Lying may be a *high-born* science; but we are above it.

CHAPTER III.

"'Twas this the morning omens did foretell;
"Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
"The tott'ring china shook without a wind;
"Nay, *Poll* sat mute, and *Shock* was most unkind."
Pope.

Our hero had no sooner popped into the world —head foremost—for our *happiness*—than he gave such uncommon symptoms of being of a very *dry* temperament, that his mother's pair of breasts could not suffice to quench his thirst, and an extra pair were hired;—a tolerably sure proof that he would be a good *bottle-man*, if ever he should arrive at a wine-bibbing age.—He took to his feet (as the old gossips phrase it) very early, which betokened that he would be a famous *runner*.—He was scarcely deprived of the foster-mother's bubbies, before he began to

play with those of the *maids* of *honour* which denoted, as these *virgins* humorously observed, great strength in his *loins*.—And lastly, as he grew up, he was remarkably fond of all plays of skill or chance, such as heads or tails—tee-totum—balls, pricking in the garter; which evinced that he would one day be a *sharp* among *flats*, and a *flat* among *sharps*. We have heard of no other extraordinary appearances about him, save that E and O were the first, and, for a long time, the only letters of the alphabet, which he could be made to articulate. There was nothing more remarkable about his head, than there is in a good housewife's *plain pudding*—which it somewhat resembled. This dull appearance, perhaps, first put it into the heads of his *prudent* parents, that he might make a tolerable plodding *bishop*—not good enough for *Freeland*, but for the *Gormands*, who pay more attention to their hogs than their clergy. — We shall see how all these prognostics were fulfilled in good time, that is, at God's pleasure.

When it pleased our hero's father and mother, their hopeful bantling was conveyed to the font, and baptized in a christian-like manner, Fre-

deric; which means "RICH PEACE." A very peaceable name indeed for one who was ordained from his birth to be a blazing comet of war. We should have been of opinion that MARS, HERCULES, ACHILLES, AJAX, ALEXANDER, CÆSAR—or rather HECTOR (who exercised his legs round the walls of Troy) would have been more appropriate; but we were not consulted upon the subject.

When the first-begotten, *Squire George**, arrived at a proper age to receive the polish, as it is commonly termed, but as we should style it, the indispensable formation, of education, his father, from motives of economy, placed Frederic under the same tutors, a Mr. *Markbottom* and assistants; and whether they were displeased with this *rider* on *the original bill*, as a certain assembly terms it; or they thought it policy to bestow the greatest share of their attention on the *heir apparent;* or there was some natural defect; or the younger pupil preferred bandying about a tennis-ball to scan-

* The Reader will see more of this affair in our biography of the *Squire*, intitled *The Rising Sun*.

ning Virgil; or whatever else was the cause; certain it is that he has never *astounded* the world with his sense or judgement. We shall write with candour, and whether the public will relish our performance or not, we scorn to give our hero credit for more than he possesses.

Before Frederic was *two* years old,—heigh—presto—fly, jack, and be gone! he was hocus-pocus'd, alias metamorphosed into a Bishop—Lord save our souls! He might have *confirmed* others in the christian faith, and besh—t himself at the same moment, which it is ten to one he would have done at that age, if the ceremony had lasted only a couple of hours. Well, it is a fine thing to be *born to greatness*, because it saves one the trouble and danger of achieving it. It showers down upon a lucky few, whilst the gaping thirsty multitude stand with their faces turned upwards, and wide-stretched jaws, and cannot catch a single drop of it. The election of our bishop probably took place on the *festum fatuorum*, the *feast of fools;* at which time we find that part of the festivity of the season consisted in a burlesque election of a mock pope, mock cardinals, *mock bishops*, attended with

numerous, ridiculous, and indecent ceremonies, gambols, and antics, such as singing and dancing in the churches, in lewd attitudes to ludicrous anthems. In a curious old book, intitled *Voyage Liturgique de France*, there is an account of a similar practice in the church at Vienne, in Dauphiny:—Le jour de Noël après Vêprès, le jour de St. Etienne, et le jour de St. Jean l'Evangeliste, on faisoit des processions solennelles pour les diacres, les prêtres, et les enfans de chœur, comme autrefois à Rouen. Il y avoit aussi le lendemain, à la messe solennité pour eux. Les enfans de chœur y avoient leur petit évêque, qui faisoit tout l'office, excepté à la messe.——The custom, therefore, is evidently papal; but it has been brought to this country, as *Goodwin*, in his *Antiquities*, has given the draught of such a procession in Salisbury cathedral, and there is extant a statute for it's being observed at Eton. *Geoffry Blythe*, bishop of Litchfield, in 1530, bequeathed by will several ornaments to Eton and King's College, for the use of the brave bishop. As the world is fond of being governed by custom, the election of a *boy bishop* was, therefore, far from being unprecedented.

Our *boy-bishop* soon began to display all the qualities of a true priest in swearing, drinking and wenching like a brave fellow; which things, if they did not make him the worse divine, could never make him the worse soldier. At the age of *four* years he was made a *companion* for his father and other full-grown gentlemen; and at *seventeen*, having hopped, skipped, and jumped through all the inferior grades, whilst passing his time in the tennis-courts, he became colonel and commander of a troop of horse.—Heaven defend us!—He had then to learn his duty,—as he knew nothing of military affairs, save mounting guard at night with a girl in his sentry-box, whilst the sentinel kept watch at a little distance. The following year he was sent to *Gormandy* to finish his education, by which was meant, we suppose, to accomplish himself in the art of hard drinking, for we know of no other accomplishments in which the Gormands excel ourselves.—Our *boy-bishop*, however, was become so complete a hand at it, that he astonished the Gormands, who were obliged to eat Westphalian gammons and other salt meats, to be able to pledge him.

Nothing was more frequent than to hear them exclaim in his praise. "By G—! *he will hold as much as the great tun of Heidelberg!*"—This was no stinted praise, as the said great tun is computed to hold four-score hogsheads and more.

As *Master Frederic*, from his infancy, had been destined by his parents for a *hero*, (whether heaven pleased to send him the *requisites* or not) he could not, of course, return home without having paid his respects in person to the then greatest hero living, *Frederic the Big;* who had so covered himself with a forest of laurels, that the sun could never be properly said to shine upon him! Here again our *boy-bishop* astonished the men with the strength of his head, and the ladies with his *politeness*—Nay, do not stare so, Reader. We repeat with his *politeness*. We are right, and thou art wrong not to make allowance for difference of countries. Although there was little politeness in our *boy-bishop*, yet that little was more than one can find in Germandy. Any man who does not blow his nose with his fingers—no matter what else he blows,

will pass for a polite man. This explanation sets us to rights again.—Our *boy-bishop* was thought to have grounded himself in the art of war under *Frederic the Big*, merely because he had seen him review his troops once or twice; but it was afterwards found by experience, that it is not enough to see others play a game, to gain a sufficient insight, to be able to play it oneself. Our *boy-bishop* gained somewhat however, and that was the affections of the pretty—very pretty lady *Frederica;* and a lady's affections are always worth something, if it be only to keep a man from meanness, by giving him a better opinion of himself. At 21 years of age he returned home, and was presented with a regiment of foot, of which he was supposed to be capable of taking charge!!

On his arrival, he found the *Squire*, his brother, in full feather and fame for his exploits in the fields of *Bacchus*, *Venus*, and *Mercury;* —he was a free drinker—a free gallant, and a free better!—Emulation seized our *bishop* (no longer a boy), and he seized the bottle. The *amiable* pair set to it foot to foot, and glass to

glass, singing, rather roaring out, at intervals, a French chanson à boire :*

Le jus de la treille
Dans une bouteille
Court trop de danger ; &c.

After repeated trials of skill, they were found to be so equally matched that it was, and still remains, doubtful whose head was hardest.—They were no less emulous in the field of Venus, and their feats may be guessed when we find their names enrolled as visitants at the noted houses of Mesdames *Oliver*,† *Johnson*, *Weston*, *Duberry*, and every place of fashionable intrigue. Nay they carried their gallantry to such a pitch that there was scarcely a *Cyprian fair*, from the

* In English :

The juice of the grape
May make its escape,
If you in a bottle do lodge it ;
But 'tis safe, let me tell ye,
When stow'd in the belly ;
Nought but water comes out of that budget.

† Mesdames Oliver, &c.] The *mother Coles* of the day, as we suppose.

parlour to the second floor, who could not boast of their visits.

Some debauchees, even in their loosest moments, retain some little portion of delicacy, whilst others have the appetites of swine. One frail fair, whose assumed name was Mrs. *Gulph*—a very appropriate one for her (what shall we call it in this *liberal* age? oh! her) *profession*—could boast of holding almost all the male branches of lord Gildrig's family in her chains at one time. Nay, the gentlemen themselves appeared to be no less fond of being publicly known to wear them. We find in the *Cyprian records*, that this lady was so very profuse in her pecuniary expenditure, that she was supposed to have received, at different periods, upwards of fifty subscriptions—some to a very large amount indeed—to extricate her from her various embarrassments.—The *Squire* himself—the *General* and the *next brother*—have actually made collections for her in *person*, at the public assembly-room in *Bright-town*, whilst the lady has been in durance-vile of the bailiffs.

DECENCY.

This was special employment for these *worthies*. Was it becoming the sons of the *lord* of the *Manor* to go round with a hat, mumping from their tenants, to relieve an irreclaimable spendthrift — their own abandoned wanton? There could be no shame in them.

PROFLIGACY.

Ha! ha! ha!—Gently there, Miss *Prim*. Do you imagine that the *haut ton* are to be governed by your curst, antiquated notions? *We* are a *world* by *ourselves*, above yours and all other vulgar constraints. If these *worthies*, as you term them in your *sxinish cant*, committed themselves at all, it was by condescending to pick up that other plebeian weakness—*charity*, I think you call it.

CHARITY.

'Tis false, blind fool!—I am too often aspersed by thy infamous votaries. When money is bestowed on one of these, it is not charity—*it is an encouragement to vice!* The sums which were lavished on this abandoned woman, might have liberated *one thousand*, or more, honest, though unfortunate debtors, from the

horrors of a prison, and have enabled them to get bread and gladden the hearts of their starving families. Fly, despicable wretch! to the few fools, who will entertain thee, and tell them to be *just* before they are *generous*—to discharge their own debts before they pay those of their wh—s.

PROFLIGACY.

D—mn—n!—Can't stand all this—must cut and run—curse that old prig—that Mr. CERVANTES HOGG, F. S. M.!—The fellow is a d—d *boar*, (bore) and if he is not confined to his *stye*, he will poison all us *beau monde* to death.

CHAPTER IV.

" He still resolv'd, to mend the matter,
" T' adhere and cleave the obstinater;
" And still the skittisher and looser,
" Her freaks appear'd to sit the closer;
" For fools are stubborn in their way,
" As coins are harden'd by th' allay."

Hudibras.

It would have been a terrible curb to the dashing spirit of our hero, if the sumptuary laws of the Corinthians had been in force within the *Manor* of *Freeland*, by which every man was restricted, under a very severe penalty, from expending more in one year than the amount of his yearly income. Happily, among the few articles of liberty, which the *Freelanders* still retained, was

that of *running out* as fast as they pleased, without any other restriction than that of running into jail at the mercy of their creditors; and even this restriction was confined to the plebeians. They are, however, so fond of this liberty of ruining themselves *ad libitum*, that, of all, common proverbs, not one is so common among them as that of *eating the calf in the cow's belly*.

Farmer Gildrig, the careful father of our hero, had purchased, with the accumulation of the revenues of Master Frederic's bishopric, during his minority, a fine estate called *Brambleville Royal*, in some part of Yorkshire, worth 100,000 livres. Frederic now made an excursion, accompanied by his elder brother, the Squire, to view this new acquisition, and to receive the homage of the tenants. We hear of nothing remarkable during this excursion—no act of benevolence worthy of the brothers, and of our recording;—no, the whole of the occurrences may be summed up in these words: *The little folks stared at the great folks, like fools; and the great folks laughed at the little folks, like*

fool.—But this behaviour is so common on similar occasions, that the remark is almost beneath the *dignity* of our pen!

Fine weather cannot last always; calms are only the prognostics of storms; and a great fortune in the hands of a fool is a great misfortune. Master Frederic espied a box containing some little cubes of bone, and he no sooner grasped it in his hand, than his elbow began to shake like a fiddler's: he moreover took a racket and ball in his hand, and immediately fell a capering and knocking the ball about like one mad. These sudden motions seemed to have given a concussion to the furniture of his upper story; he would bet large sums on the most ridiculous undertakings, and there are always *cool ones* enough ready to take advantage of the first maniac fit. The consequence was that the fine estate of *Brambleville Royal* was soon sold to pay debts of dis—*honour!*

What! not stop yet? No, by all the powers of stupidity! The bishopric quickly followed, and was bought in by his father. This was, perhaps, the only good bargain that Frederic ever clenched in his life, as the bishopric was

soon after invaded, and swallowed up by a foreign enemy; but there was no loss to the family, as the Freelanders paid for all.

He *pulled up* now, surely?—No—played upon tick—bond upon bond—thousand added to thousand:

> " So have I seen a king on chess,
> " His rooks and knights withdrawn,
> " His queen and bishops in distress,
> " Shifting about, grow less and less,
> " With here and there—a *pawn*.
>
> *Dorset.*

Rabelais, fountain of wit! how nearly to the extravagant behaviour of our hero comes that of thy *Panurge*, after *Pantagruel* had bestowed upon him the government of Salmygondin in Dipsodie. The quotation is apt, and here it is: 'Now his worship, the new laird, husbanded his estate so providently well and prudently, that in less than *fourteen* days he wasted and dilapidated all the certain and uncertain revenue of his lairdship for three whole years: yet did he not properly dilapidate, as you might say, in founding of monasteries, building of churches, erecting of colleges, setting up of hospitals, or casting his

bacon flitches to the dogs: but spent it in a thousand little banquets, and jolly collations, keeping open house for all comers and goers: yea, to all good fellows, young girls, and pretty wenches; felling timber, burning the great logs for the sale of the ashes, borrowing money before hand, buying dear, selling cheap, and eating his corn, as it were, whilst it was but grass.'*

Panurge, however, was only a base-born wight, and could not disgrace himself by his company; but who, amongst us, that had peeped within the gloomy walls of a tennis-court, and observed a number of votaries or mad worshippers of the goddess of fortune, many of their faces branded with suspicion, craft, dissimulation, and infamy, whilst those of others, seemingly of a superior class, bespeak them the dupes of their own credulity:—who could have entertained a thought of beholding, amidst such a gang, Colonel Frederic, the third greatest man in the *Manor*, at

* Panurge had not then visited the island of *sharping* or *gaming*, or Rabelais would not have passed over a vice by which a dextrous hand will dilapidate in one night more than Panurge was fourteen days in wasting.

Hark, fellows, all mute!—Who, that had been [illegible] within these walls, but must have exclaimed: "Is it possible, and can *Master* Frederic be in the secret?——No, no such thing; he is as great a *flat* as yourself; but he is a rare card; they can have him any day in the week; if he win of a stranger, he is only their banker, as they will make him refund his winnings with interest.

These unworthy practices did not escape without some bitter reproof. 'Tradition represents you (says a satirist of these *'old times'* in an ironical vein) as preserving the dignity of your rank; never descending to the dirty delight of low, sordid company; never adventuring your fortune and character at a tennis-court, a prey to gamblers, the scorn of gentlemen, and the sneer and contempt of the very markers—winning and *receiving*, losing and *not paying*,—always recoiling at fraud or dishonour.'

What a devil of a *strip-me-naked* fellow this was! But he was used to stripping; from a *shirt* to a *character* all was one to him; he lived by it. Do not you know him, Reader?—No?

Then peruse the note at the bottom of the page.

To this charge the following reply was made by a panegyrist, of whom there are always such numbers at the heels of a great man that he cannot turn round without treading upon some of them.—'In the catalogue of vices, which this literary drawcanser imputes to the *great man*, is that of his winning money at tennis, and receiving it; but not paying when he

NOTE.

As we were going through the *horse barracks* one day, to our infinite surprize we beheld the notorious *Major Semple*, of swindling memory, coming out with an erect head, a face of brass, and big with importance. On expressing our astonishment to a friend that such a fellow should be allowed access to such a place, we were informed that he had picked up among some *women of the town*, a variety of anecdotes relative to a great personage, on whom he had waited with them, swearing that no other man besides himself could have got possession of them for *five thousand pounds*, which was the price set upon their suppression. The negociation did not succeed, and the public were amused with the papers. Shame that a *great man*, by his *little ways*, should subject himself to the insults of *prostitutes* and *transported felons!*

lost: the answer, which my own knowledge of the fact enables me to give, I doubt not will go the length of quenching this reviler's thirst for universal fame, as an accurate story-teller; and, after the damning proof of this detestable forgery, I believe few people, however enraptured with baneful scurrility, will indulge such an obstinate error as to give credit to a single sentence flowing from his scorpion pen.—Now, reader, mark the fact: (for there are twenty people living, who can attest it as well as myself). The *great man*, in the early part of his life, indulged himself at tennis with the present *lairds* of *Richmud*, and *Darnhose*, and of *high rank*, (that is, of *low ideas)* at the tennis-court in James Street: every *man of the world* knows the rules of a tennis-court; and that a certain description of men constantly attend for the *laudable purpose* of, what they term, *picking up a flat;* that is, an inexperienced young man. I do not mean to enter scientifically into the manœuvres of a tennis-court; it is enough for my present purpose to say, that these men found means to bet with the *great man*, upon the games he played; that they thought it political

to let him win a few inconsiderable sums of money; and that it was equally political to *pay* those sums, which, of course, the *great man* received: so much for the first part of the charge. The bait succeeded; the *great man* began to think himself more than a match for his opponents in the game; or at least he was persuaded so by the virtuous Mr. *Muckworm*. His confidence in superior skill increased with the encouragement these gentlemen sportsmen chose to give him, and his bets with them increased also, until he found himself *minus* many thousand pounds. I am not only acquainted with the name and person of every man who won the money, but the particular sums each won, and if the keeper of the court, Mr. *Muckworm*, has not a more treacherous memory than I have, he will recollect his share of the plunder was about 2000*l*. Now for the second charge of not paying. I say, the *great man* has paid, and most honourably paid: and if my verity is called in question, I will state in what manner, and by what means it was paid. But had the *great man*, by any accident, *not* those large sums, he never could have received them, for the parties were

desperate gamblers, who either could not, or would not, pay any sum except trifles by way of a bait.'

Now *we*, who think ourselves qualified for the station of judge, as well for our notorious *modesty* as moderation, having duly weighed the balance, do give judgment in the following manner;—as the counsel for the *great man* admits that his client did indulge himself in tennis-courts, where a certain description of men constantly attend for the laudable purpose of, what they term, *picking up a flat;* that part of the charge is well proved, and as the bait succeeded, and the *great man* found himself *minus* by many thousand pounds, he, consequently, was a *flat*. If he lost those sums to desperate gamesters who either could not, or would not, pay any sums except trifles by way of a bait, he was a *fool*. The proverb, however, cannot be applied to him, which says:—'A fool, and *his* money soon parted,'—as he had no money but what was extracted from the sweat of the poor industrious tenants' brows to feed such cankered pests of society: it must, therefore, stand thus:—'A fool and fools' money soon parted.'

That the *great man's* gambling debts were paid, we believe from our own knowledge, as we have seen several of his bonds for 1000*l.* each sold in the market for 500*l.* each; but as to the *verity* of his counsel, (if such a blundering dog may be so called, whose every syllable damns his cause yet deeper) as he confesses his intimacy with black-legs, we might take his word of honour for a few pounds, if we were so lost to ourselves as to enter the limits of a tennis-court; but as these *men of honour* have no religion or morality, nor even common honesty, out of their gambling precincts, a doubt arises whether they are to be believed, even upon oath, in our respectable court of conscience: upon this last point, therefore, *Curia advisare vult.*

CHAPTER V.

"What is true valour?
"——————— It springs out of reason,
"And tends to perfect honesty; the scope
"Is always honour, and the public good:
"It is no valour for a *private cause*."

MANDEVILLE, a strenuous advocate for the practice of duelling, adduces the following, among other, forcible arguments for its propriety:—'Without obeying this sentimental influence of honour, that is, the spirit of duelling, there would be no living in a populous nation. It is the tie of society; and although we are beholden to our frailties for the chief ingredient of it, there has been no virtue, at least that I am acquainted with, which hath proved half so instrumental to the civilizing of mankind, who,

in great societies, would soon degenerate into cruel villains and treacherous slaves, were honour to be removed from among them.'

'Yet, in regard to duelling, I pity the unfortunate, whose lot it is to be inevitably exposed to a perilous encounter; but cannot agree with those who say, that the persons guilty of such daring exertion, proceed by false rules or mistaken notions of honour; because, as I understand the word, either there is no honour at all, or it teaches men to resent injuries, and accept challenges. For they may as well deny that which we see every body wear to be the prevailing fashion, as to declare that demanding and giving satisfaction is against the laws of true honour.'

'The inconsiderate opponents, who rail against duelling, do not reflect on the benefits which society receives from that fashionable intrepidity. If every *ill-bred* fellow might use what language he pleased *with impunity*, and continue *offensive*, because *entrenched from the fear of being called to an account for it*, then all conversation would be spoiled.'

Now, we will not say that our *colonel* was one of those *ill-bred* fellows, who think they

may use what language they please, *with impunity;* but he once thought proper to make use of very extraordinary language respecting a Mr. LENDKNOCKS, his lieut.-colonel; saying of him, that 'he had heard words spoken of him at a certain club, to which *no gentleman* ought to have submitted.'—This *thrust in the back* being reported to *Lendknocks*, who was not present at the time of making the observation, he took the opportunity, when the *great man* was on the parade, to desire to be informed what those words were, and by whom spoken:—

'A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

Shakspeare.

The *great man* gave no other answer than by *ordering him to his post!*

The insolence of office!——

Shakspeare.

After parade, the *great man* went into the orderly-room, and, sending for *Lendknocks*, intimated to him, in the presence of all the officers, —(the reader may have been in a watch-house and beheld the captain of the night in his state-chair,) that he desired to derive no protection from his superior rank and station as command-

ing officer; but that, when not on duty, he wore a *brown* coat, (so does the *brown bear* in Piccadilly,) and was ready, as a private gentleman, to give him satisfaction.—When *Lendknocks* found that he was to get no other explanation from the *great man*, he, with the utmost propriety, wrote a circular letter to every member of the club, requesting to know whether any such words had been addressed to himself, and appointing a day for an answer from each; *their silence to be considered as a declaration that no such words could be recollected.*

'Can none remember?'—

Not *one! Lendknocks* therefore sent a note to the *great man*, purporting—"That not being able to recollect any occasion on which, words had been spoken to him at the club to which a gentleman ought not to submit, he had taken the step which appeared to him the most likely to gain information of the words alluded to, and of the person who had used them; that none of the members of the club had given him information of any such insult being in their knowledge; and therefore he expected, in justice to his character, that the great man should contra-

dict the report as publicly as he had asserted it: in plain English, that he should *eat his own words* on parade. The *great man* could not stomach such a public *déjeuné;* besides that to have conceded a point, although justice demanded it, would have been inconsistent with his *hereditary obstinacy;* and he sent an unsatisfactory answer. *Lendknocks* therefore desired a meeting, which took place on *Thimbledown Common.* The ground was measured, and it was agreed between the seconds, that the principals should fire together by signal. When it was given, *Lendknocks* fired, and the ball grazed against that part of the human frame which, in *rational mortals,* is denominated the *seat* of *reason;* in others, a *smoke jack;* that is, it passed so near to the *ear* as to discommode the side-curl. The *great man* withheld his fire, and his second interfered, and said that he thought enough had been done. *Lendknocks* observed that his opponent had not fired; to which the second replied that it was not his intention to fire; he had come out, on Mr. *Lendknocks's* desire, to give him satisfaction, and had no animosity against him. *Lendknocks* pressed that his opponent should

fire, but it was declined. His second then approached the great man, and expressed his hope that he could have no objection to say that he considered *lieut.-col. Lendknocks* as a man of honour and courage. To which the great man replied, "*That he should say nothing;* he had come out to give *lieut.-col. Lendknocks* satisfaction, and did not mean to fire at him; if *lieut.-col. Lendknocks* was not satisfied, he might fire again." *Lendknocks* rejoined, that he could not possibly fire again at his opponent, as he did not mean to fire at him. On this, both parties left the ground.—This was the substance of the account published by the seconds to preclude any unfounded representations; to which they added, that both parties behaved with the most perfect coolness and intrepidity; but for the latter part, we would rather believe the evidence of their *laundresses*, to whom the symptoms of fear must have been obvious, if there had been any.

Mandeville further observes, that 'Man is civilized by nothing so irresistibly as by his fear; for, according to lord Rochester's oracular sentiment, "If not all, at least most men would be

cowards,* if they durst." The dread of being called to a personal account keeps abundance of people in awe; and there are now many thousands of mannerly and well-accomplished gentlemen in Europe, who would have turned out very insolent and very insupportable coxcombs, without so salutary a curb, to keep under restraint their naturally eruptive petuiance.'

Our great man was either not to be *civilized* by fear, or else his *obstinacy* was paramount to it. *Lendknocks* requested him, as colonel of the regiment, to permit a call of the officers of the corps, in order that certain propositions, touching his conduct and situation, might be submitted to their consideration. The *great man* replied, 'that he could not possibly oppose any design which might tend to relieve Mr. *Lendknocks* from his *present embarrassment:*'

'*The proud man's contumely*'—

Shakspeare.

* "The good we act, the ill that we endure,
"'Tis all for fear, to make ourselves secure;
"Merely for safety after fame we thirst,
"For all men would be cowards if they durst."

Rochester.

The meeting was convened, and, after considerable deliberation and discussion, came to the following resolution: 'That subsequent to the day of the meeting at the orderly-room, lieutenant-colonel *Lendknocks* has behaved with courage; but, from the peculiar difficulty of his situation, not with judgement.'—

Mere chips in porridge!—It was evident that he had behaved with courage; but if they had added judgement, they must have thrown all the blame on the *great man*, their present colonel, and future commander-in-chief. When the latter should happen, such an affront would damn all their hopes of preferment. They were conscious, however, that *Lendknocks* was injured, and they glossed over their oblique imputation of want of judgement, with ascribing it to the particular difficulty of his situation.

Now we—our noble and independent self—will hold our *court impartial* on the subject. An able writer on military affairs has said, that 'in regard to private conversation, politeness should exceed authority, and the officer subside in the gentleman.'—There could be nothing like po-

liteness in the *great man*'s stigmatizing Mr. *Lendknocks* behind his back; nor could his conduct be ascribed to a tenderness for *Lendknocks's* honour, as he totally refused every explanation necessary for his demanding satisfaction for such an insult. As *Lendknocks* requested all the gentlemen present at the club to inform him whether any such words had been used to him, adding, that he should consider their silence as a declaration that no such words could be recollected;—as such declaration was effectually made by their silence, and as the *great man* himself could not say what were the words, and by whom spoken;—if we are too charitable to impute the charge to private pique and resentment, we must, at all events, conclude that the *great man* was in a situation of hearing, as well as seeing double, on that evening, and that he persisted, through obstinacy, in an error, which there would have been more honour and but barely justice, in acknowledging. Through this obstinacy, *Lendknocks* was *driven* to the only resource left him for satisfying his injured honour and character. Whether through his

judgement, or the direction of Providence, the justice of whose decrees are so conspicuous, the faulty organ was very near being shot away, or plugged up, to prevent its creating any more disputes by its false intelligence. The *great man's* reply, when asked to say that he considered Lendknocks as a man of honour and courage, appears to us like a shuffling evasion, unbecoming a man of either honour or courage. If he *did* come out to give *Lendknocks* satisfaction, he certainly did not give it to him, as he would not do justice to his character, and by a refusal to fire, precluded him from a possibility of complete satisfaction. *Lendknocks*, therefore, was aspersed without proof, and denied satisfaction—two things extremely galling to a brave officer. After this mature consideration, it is our opinion, *martially*, and *impartially*, that lieutenant-colonel *Lendknocks* did, throughout the whole of this affair, behave as a man of strict honour, with courage and *judgement!*—And we direct our publisher to make this sentence as public as may be, by vending as many copies of this work as will satisfy the public cu-

riosity and avidity. We are not such churls as to wish to keep a *good thing* to ourselves; we would rather it should be spread abroad *pro bono patriæ*—yea, even to the *third* and *fourth editions*.

CHAPTER VI.

" ——————— 'Tis the sport of statesmen,
" When heroes knock their knotty heads together,
" And fall by one another.—"

Rowe.

The Reader has seen, or may see if he pleases, in our biography of the *Squire*, that, either through an aversion to taming of the flesh by marriage, or because he had enough of the flesh without marriage, in the ponderous Mrs. *Fitzwaddle*, he could not, for some time, be prevailed upon to club his endeavours towards raising up an heir to the lordship. It was therefore thought adviseable, that the arduous task of giving birth to so *great* a *personage* should devolve upon our hero, who found his deficient rib in Miss *Frederica* (whom we have before mentioned), and replaced it in his side. We

may suppose that 'what man dared, he dared,' —but it was all '*Love's Labour lost*,' as the chief ordination of the marriage-state was never brought to light.

About two years afterwards, MARS and BELLONA burst open the gates of the temple of JANUS, and rush'd out upon the world, like a man and his wife, who, having drubbed one another into a good understanding, club their fists together to pummel some poor devil of a peaceable bystander, who has been exerting himself to part them. Indeed, it is the opinion of every intelligent being, that no person ought, either in justice or decency, to interfere with the internal œconomy of another man's family; and as it is universally allowed that the earliest communities, from villages up to kingdoms and empires, borrowed their ideas of *social government* from that of the patriarchs and their families, we are justified in inferring that no village, town, city, manor, lordship, earldom, dukedom, principality, kingdom, or empire, has a right to interfere with the internal direction of another. But it is not every

man, whether governor, lord, earl, duke, prince, king, or emperor, that has the good sense to keep within his own bounds. The directors of *Freeland*, and many other manors, by officiously meddling with one of their neighbours, scalded their rumps so confoundedly, that heaven only knows when there will be an end to their sitting upon the bladders.

The tenants of a considerable manor, called *the Gulls*, from their territory the ancient *Gullia*, having suffered vast oppressions from their lords, at length rose against LEWIS, who was far from being the worst of them, and, from his attempt to fly and raise the neighbouring lords against them, thought proper, for their own security, to put him into confinement. The other lords resented this act as an indignity offered to their whole body. Two of them, the lords of the *Eagles* and the *Cormands*, fell upon the *Gulls*, who were then in the height of internal dissension, and murdering one another fast enough, a reasonable man would think, to satisfy their bitterest enemies. The *Eagles* and *Cormands* were at first successful, and LEWIS, who had, till then, prudently bent to the fury of the storm,

began to assume courage, and to face about to brave it. This unfortunate duplicity, and a most insolent manifesto published by the Eagle general, *Brownwig*, wherein he denounced the utmost vengeance against the Gulls, if they made the least opposition, sealed the doom of the lord and his family, and of the allies themselves. It is a most dangerous affair to treat even a subdued people, as was far from being the situation of the Gulls, with *contempt;* and this haughty and ridiculous threat to a brave people, struggling for their liberties, healed at once all the internal dissensions of the Gulls, cemented them into an impregnable phalanx, and raised a flame which, in the end, devoured most of their enemies. The lord was the first victim, and they then poured in shoals to their armies. They were aware that their troops were vastly inferior in point of discipline to those of the enemy; but they knew that incessant attacks must weaken and diminish their veterans, which would be death to their cause, as they were too far from home to receive any speedy reinforcements; and, should any be received, they could but be newly raised levies.

This mode of warfare was put in execution with so much ardour (we may say phrenzy), that the Eagles and Gormands were soon driven out of their conquests in Gullia, and followed by the Gulls into their own territories.

As the Gulls were a gasconading people, they dropped some expressions, in their excess of joy and pride of heart, which appeared to invite and encourage the tenants of other *manors* to follow their example. This speech was construed by the *lords*, who were but too ready to catch at any pretext for crushing the Gulls, and their democratical principles in the egg, into an avowed intention of interfering in the internal affairs of other manors; although it was evidently, on the part of the Gulls, only a recollection. Any thing, we have been told, is a sufficient pretext for going to war, and lavishing the blood of thousands, and a treasure of millions, if it be only the propriety of breaking an egg at the great or little end; but by the charter of the *manor* of Freeland, notwithstanding that the lord might incline towards war, yet it was necessary also to convince the tenants of the expediency of it, as they alone had the power of

furnishing the sinew of war,—*money*. The *steward* and *household*, of course, sided with the *lord* for war; and the oppositionists consequently were, as usual, for the reverse. The two parties began to prepare for their *wordy* war, by skirmishing in the daily papers. The *war-bigots* termed the Gulls, *dominicides—knights-companions of the devil*, although their ancestors had not very long before served one of their lords the same sauce, without being assailed by any foreign interference, or scurrility, on account of it;—the *peace-brokers*, on the other hand, styled the Gulls an oppressed people, struggling for their dearest privileges. The good people of Freeland were sensible that they were only a *job* either way, and that their true interests were too often lost sight of in the phrenzy of debate, whilst these two opposite parties were contending which should make a penny out of them. The matter was, at length, brought up for public discussion in the *common-hall*, by the *steward's* calling the attention of the delegates to that calamitous event (the death of Lewis)—that act of outrage to every prin-

ciple of religion, justice, and humanity;—an act which had excited one general sentiment of indignation and abhorrence; and informing them that their *master* had entered upon hostile preparations, without intending to take any part in the *internal government* of Gullia.

"That is very kind, indeed, in our master;" cries Charles Brush, the bear-ward of the opposition: "to abstain from that which he has no right to meddle with.—I condemn the assassination of *lord Lewis* as much as yourself, but it affords no sound reason why we should go to war with the perpetrators of it. Crimes, committed in one *manor*, cannot be cognizable in another; and we shall only make ourselves ridiculous, by pretending to pass judgement on an act committed in Gullia. If we are to join in a crusade for the cause of lords, the Gulls will not fail to rally round their standards those who favour the cause of the people, and numbers will carry the day. We have no right to cram a lord down the throat of the Gulls, and we ought to advise our own lord to try every honourable means to keep at peace with them."—

"Peace, indeed!" (quoth *Mummy Quirke*, feeling about in his coat-pockets in a devilish hurry,)—"Peace, indeed! and what shall we get by it?—Why, this!

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(Here the orator produced a great CLASP-KNIFE,*

* This manual wit was by no means original, having been practised by the Greeks and Romans, as we are informed in the *Life* and *Opinions* of *Tristram Shandy*, from which the following is a quotation, and, with us, an unquestionable authority:—"It is a singular stroke of eloquence (at least it was so, when eloquence flourished at Athens and Rome, and would be so now, did orators wear mantles) not to mention the name of a thing, when you had the thing about you *in petto*, ready to produce, pop, in the place you want it. A scar, an axe, a sword, a pink'd doublet, a rusty helmet, a pound and a half of potashes in an urn, or a three-halfpenny pickle-pot—but above all, a tender infant royally accoutred; though, if it was too young, and the oration as long as Tully's second Philippic, it must have certainly bes—t the orator's mantle; and then again, if too old, it must have been unwieldy and incommodious to his action—so as to make him lose by his child almost as much as he could gain by it.—Otherwise, when a state orator has hit the precise age to a minute—hid his *Bambino* in his mantle so cunningly,

and the other delegates remained in dumb expectation of seeing a black-pudding, or Bologna sausage, follow this extraordinary movement. They would then have thought that this trick in rhetoric was intended to signify that good cheer was the result of peace; but the orator, after a most pompous pause, convinced them of their mistake by concluding thus): This is what you must expect from the friendship of the Gulls. We must either embowel them, or they will untripe us.—(The delegates now understood that he ranged on the warlike side, and that the *clasp-knife* was a substitute for a dagger; and the whole assembly was, for a while, convulsed with laughter at the ingenuity of the orator, which was, however, a quite contrary emotion to that

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that no mortal could smell it, and produced it so critically, that no soul could say, it came in by head and shoulders. — Oh, sirs, it has done wonders.—It has opened the sluices, and turned the brains, and shook the principles, and *unhinged the politics of half a nation*"— Poor Freeland! the door of thy political reason was so shattered and battered, that it will be well if it should ever turn upon its hinges again.

which he intended to excite by his *Birmingham trope*. The oppositionists, however, were more enraged than astonished at this mark of apostacy in their old com-rogue, as he had been upon the weathercock order for some time, and it had even been whispered that—he was not quite so poor a man as he had been—having missed his way one night, and found himself in the Treasury.—The risible muscles were at length tired, and silence ensued.)—

"Ah—ah! oh, oh!" exclaimed Master Merryman, "and is it thus you mean to be throwing dust into our eyes, brother o'-th'-sod, with your ridiculous pantomimic tricks and contemptible juggling? We are not so soft as to be ignorant how the affair is managed between the cat and the cheese. You have had so much gold-dust thrown into your eyes, that, like a jaundiced person, your infected vision converts all colours into yellow. We, who have not bartered our *principle* for a *life-interest*, can see things in their true lights and shades. Are we not to be cajoled into a war without doors, and controlled as the household please within? Have not the gentlemen,

Full of wise saws, and modern instances,—

—threatened my most particular friends, the *publicans*, to shut up their houses, if they permitted any conversation in them unfavourable to the ruling party?"

"If they have done so," rejoined Quicke, "the times will fully justify them. You, Master Merryman, are, undoubtedly, averse to war, as I have heard that the Gulls toast you, among other discontented Freelanders, as their friend: and who is a friend to them, cannot be one to Freeland."

"Certainly not;" vociferated Mr. *Dunderass*, one of the household secretaries, or amanuenses; "the Gulls are become the savages of Europe, enemies to society, and we must go to war against them to tame and reduce them to a state of civilization."

"War! Conquest or death!" exclaims Mr. *Greenfield*."

"War! War! War!" resounded from so many other voices of *Vortex's* party, that the peaceable tones of the opposition were no longer heard.—When the tumult had somewhat subsided, Vortex rose up gracefully,—

'As tall and as straight as a poplar tree;'—

—and thus addressed the assembly: "The Gulls must be reduced to return to the ancient order of things, or their dissentions will never cease to convulse the neighbouring *Manors*. They never can hold out long against the general confederacy, which is arming to attack them. They must soon be reduced to reason. Consult a map of the *Mainland*.—We are to send a large body of troops to join the *Eagles*, *Bighose*, and *Gormands*; these united, are to attack the Gulls from the north, and to belabour them about the head and shoulders. The *Alpines* will break their back, and the *Cruppergalls* will play away upon their rump from the east. The *Gravians* will tread upon their toes to the south, and we may give them the cholic to the west by means of our flotilla, and by landing troops, arms and ammunition, to encourage the loyal Gulls to aid the general cause. Besides, the *Bearskins* will soon pour in their hordes to our assistance, if the business should not be settled before they can reach the scene of action. Thus pushing forward on every side, the allied armies will at length meet near the centre.

"Aye, aye, I see it already," cries Quirke; "it is done. *Gallia* is blotted out of the map of Europe; it no longer exists as a *manor;* it will be divided among the conquerors."

"Well, and what shall we be the better for all this success?" demanded Brush.

"*We!*" repeated Vortex with a sneer. "Those who endeavour to paralyze the energy, and clog the wheels of government, do not deserve to be the better for its success;—

"Peace! Peace!" exclaimed the opposition.

"But those who shall have rendered it a service," continued Vortex, "may reasonably expect to find their account in it."

"War! war!" exclaimed the household.

"That is tantamount to saying," replied Brush, "that there will be enough to pamper your already glutted list of Satellites, placemen and pensioners, and to procure you additional ones."

"Aye, aye," cried Merryman, "enough to grease his present stock of fat hogs in the tails, and to take some additional lean porkers into feeding."

"Reynard," retorted Vortex, looking steadfastly towards Brush, "the grapes are sour."

"May be so," rejoined Brush, laughing, "for you monopolize all the *black strap* to yourself."

"Peace! peace!" cried Merryman, "and plenty of *black strap!*"

"War! war! war!" now burst forth from all the household, like so many hounds opening upon a trail of rusty bacon; and it was observed that many of the opposition also joined the war-whoop, induced by the hopes of being employed as contractors, commissaries, commanders, and *crumb-pickers*. In short, it was carried by a vast majority, that the financial state of Freeland was so plethoric, as to require the application of *war leeches* to reduce the pride of the middle classes, whose bags were so full, that they began to despise the *poorer gentry*.

As opposition was useless, the debate broke up, like most others, that is to say, the majority were contented with having the best of it; the minority consoled themselves with having the ight of it; and every individual was perfectly

delighted with the brilliant figure which he himself had cut in it.

The tenants—some of them, whistled *Lillibullero ;* and others repeated the proverb, "*Needs must go, when the devil drives.*"

CHAPTER VII.

"TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO."

Three join'd in one!—the wit, the soldier, statesman;
Where? where?—In Y*** ? Look in some other *place-man*.

"You see here—(said the *Stewards* to the allied *Lords*, sitting in private council,)—you see here—upon this map—the relative situation of the coalesced powers and of the Gulls; the latter are hemmed in by the former on all sides, and must fall, manacled, as it were, an easy prey to us. But, however easily obtained, the spoils will not be the less glorious. Gullia includes very many, and some of the finest enclosures in the world, which are so situated as to be readily divided between the allies.—Here are Alsatia

Angolismensis, Andes, Armeniacus, Artasia, Aunis, Alvernia, Barrois, Basques, Bencarnia, Biturricensis, Bigerrensis, Blazois, Boloniensis, Borbonensis, Bressia, Bretagne, Burgogne, Cameracensis, Campania. Causerans, Delphinatus, Forez, Fuxensis, Franche-Comté, Flandria, Gascogné, Gevaldenensis, Guyenne, Hannonia, Insula Franciæ. Languedocia, Limoricensis, Lotharingia, Lugdunensis, Marchia, Main, Marsalium, Navarra, Nivernois, Normandia, Orleanois, Perticensis, Petricoriensis, Picardia, Pictaviensis. Provincia, Quercy, Rutunensis, Ruscinonensis. Santonia, Suesiones, Torraine, Velaunia. and Vermandé:—all as pretty spots as ever man stuck a ploughshare into. In the general partition, each ally will have for his share such of them as adjoin to his former possessions, and in proportion to his contribution towards the subjugation of the common enemy of the human race: so that there cannot be the least reasonable ground for grumbling. Then shall we have it in our power to reward those who shall have '*done the state some service.*' Barony, seignory, commandery, castles, districts,

posts, pensions, lands, goods or chattels,—it will be only to ask and to have. *Reason* will have it so;—it is but *justice*."

"Nay, sir, not *justice*, but your *bounteous goodness*"—cries one of the courtiers.

"—That, like the *genial sun*, invigorates and supports us *poor worms*,"—cries a second.

"—That distributes the gifts of Providence among his *unworthy creatures*,"—says a third.

"—That performs anew the miracle of the *loaves* and *fishes*,"—goes a fourth.

"—That *feeds* the *full*, and sends the *fasting empty* away,"—pops in a fifth. A blundering dog!

"—That disposes of the skin before he has slain the bear,"—muttered a sixth to himself. A surly, honest dog!

"My *modesty* cannot bear all this"—cried the premier—"you flatter me, gentlemen, indeed you do."

"By G—! we speak only the truth"—exclaimed the first four spaniel dogs.

"They do, indeed—so far as their little experience of it goes,"—cries the blundering dog.

"Right! the *lickspittles* never travelled beyond the circumference of a round lie in their lives"—muttered to himself the surly, honest dog.

"I am but the *unworthy shoestring* of my master"—whines out the premier, bowing till his head almost touched the part he alluded to.

The *lord* took snuff, or twirled his opera-glass—nodded graciously—the council broke up—and this may always serve the Reader as a specimen of cabinet councils.

Freeland armed among the rest who had agreed to form a *coalition* to support the *common cause*, as it was termed; and of all the birds in the air—of all the fishes in the sea, our *Colonel* was selected to lead her heroes into battle.

READER.

What service had he seen, to qualify him for so arduous an undertaking?

AUTHOR.

We have said that he had witnessed two or three reviews abroad, and he might have manœuvred his own regiments as many times at home.

READER.

That does not seem sufficient reason for confiding the lives of thousands of brave men to his command. 'Tis experience that forms a general.

AUTHOR.

True, and a general must form experience. There is a readier way to it than the usual one of making small beginnings. Our hero began where he should have ended, even if he had displayed any martial talents, which we do not mean to lay to his charge. As you seem as ignorant of the art of generalship as a parade officer, you shall hear what a practical writer says on the subject: 'The blood of the soldier and continual faults are the common steps by which some arrive in time to the reputation of excellent generals. It is with many generals as with physicians, who become knowing and expert at expence of people's lives.'

READER.

We may expect many blunders and much bloodshed then, from your hero's onset?

AUTHOR.

You may indeed. He was but a blundering

hero,—an iron Ajax, with more mettle than brains. Unhappily as the former was lost, the latter never were to be found to supply its place. To the enemy he was like a *pet en l'air*—offensive but for the moment.

READER.

Oh! I scent him well—he was as good a general as he had been a bishop. Let us go on.

AUTHOR.

If the direful note of preparation for war had not already made all the welkin resound, yet *Madam Frederica* would have smelt a rat from her husband's perturbed sleep. For some time she might as well have been a stranger to his bed, as he answered all her caresses only with a pish—trifles—and nonsense.—"It ish you, yourself, dat is nonsense," exclaimed the *lady Frederica* one morning, unable to bear this neglect any longer.—"You kick and gallop, and snort and whip and spur, in your sleep, as if you were mounted upon some great Flanders mare at a review; and den you cry out about breastworks and breaches, mines and trenches—attacking, assaulting, battering, mounting, driving in, sallies, retreats, and burying under the works. Vat is

de use of all dis great talking and little doing?"—

"Away, away, you trifler!" cried our hero, jumping out of bed—

——————— "this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips;
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too—God's me! my horse!"

"Your fiddlestick!" cried the *lady Frederica.*

"I have lost my *cuisses* *."

"Your senses, you mean," said the lady Frederica, raising herself up, and directing her eyes full towards the place.

"I ask for my *culottes*, Madam."

"Oh, Sir, you know I nebber wear dem; it ish very seldom of late I have had any ting to do wid dem."

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends"—

(The lady Frederica fell back in the most de-

* It should seem that our hero had been dreaming of martial feats, and called for that piece of ancient armour called *cuisses*, from their covering the thighs, for which *l* is the French appellation.

fenceless attitude, as if she intended no resistance.)

"Or close the wall up with the English dead."—

"Dead eno'—" said the lady Frederica, turning away from him.

——————— "Now on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war proof;
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn 'til even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you."

"Talk of begetting!" exclaimed the lady Frederica—"dis be all child's play."

"It is one of the immortal Shakspeare's plays, Madam, and excellent for the time."

"You might find a better play for the time, Sir."

"War is the theme, and none but the brave deserve the fair."

"'Tis to be hoped dat dey enjoy dem den."

"My soul sounds the alarm—I am wound up to great deeds."—

"I am out of all patience," said the lady Frederica.

"I shall be late on duty," said our hero, putting on his clothes.

"You neglect it sadly, Sir."

"I mean on parade, Madam."

"I mean—no matter where, Sir—parade officers are more for show than actual service."

Now—our hero was not exempted by the *law of Moses* *, or any other law, from martial duty, nor do we think he wished for any such exemption. Filled with the glowing fire of heroism, and, perhaps, devoid of all conjugal fire (as two years are a pretty tedious matrimonial journey), he harnessed on his armour, and caparisoned his horse, which seemed to pant like himself for the onset, but proved a cursed sorry, scurvy, scabby jade in the end.

* 'What man is there that hath betroth'd a wife, and hath not taken her? Let him go and return unto his house, lest he die in battle, and another man take her' Deut. c. xx. v. 7.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Ah me! what perils do environ
"The man that meddles with cold iron!
"What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps
"Do dog him still with after-claps!
"For tho' Dame Fortune seem to smile
"And leer upon him for a while,
"She'll after shew him, in the nick
"Of all his glories, a dog-trick."

Hudibras.

Our *great man* was now a general—thirty years of age: and entrusted with the charge of thirty thousand *bodies*—not *souls*;—no, he had unfrocked, that is, given over the cure of souls in this world, for that of sending them to their rendezvous in the next. It could not be denied that there were many older and wiser heads in the service, to whom the command would have

been entrusted with much more propriety, and under whom our young colonel might have served an apprenticeship in the trade of war; but he spurned at the idea of being taught any thing by his friends, and he was too soon taught a trick or two by his enemies. There were enough of plain, rough-hewn veterans who had given proofs of their capacities to form, and resolution to execute, the greatest military designs; as well as of their penetration to discover, and activity to defeat, the deepest machinations. These men were *soldiers*, and, as such, would have possessed the undaunted confidence of their soldiers; but they had been long neglected, as merit was no longer considered as a claim to military employment. Partiality and favoritism at first supplied its place, and, at length, commissions and preferments were only to be attained by a liberal expenditure of money. Hence the service became mere parade, and the whole business was a mere *scarlet-cloth* business. The officers were, in general, men proper enough for show, and very little more, if we except female duty; but the men were *men*- such as Shakspeare says, 'leaving their wits with their

wives, and being provided with great meals of beef, would eat like wolves, and fight like devils.'—It should seem as if the Freeland directors made so sure of success, that any thing would answer the purpose of a general, and their general was a *thing* indeed. Well, well—let them look to it, when, as Shakspeare says, 'all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together in the latter day, and cry all—*we dy'd at such a place;*—some swearing, some crying for a surgeon; some upon their wives left poor behind them; some upon the debts they owe; some upon their children rawly left.'—Let them look to it, we say, who appointed such a gawky *Master of the Ceremonies* in the field of honour. They imagined that the *Gulls* resembled *Picrochole's* followers, whom the scout *Tripet* affirmed to be 'but rascally rogues, plunderers, thieves and robbers, ignorant of all military discipline, and that they might boldly set forward unto the field, it being an easy matter to fell and strike them down like beasts;'—but they totally overlooked those sage maxims of *Gargantua*, who asserts that, according to right military discipline, *you must never*

drive your enemy to despair; for that such a strait doth multiply his force, and increase his courage, which was before broken and cast down: neither is there any better help for men that are out of heart, toiled and spent, than to *hope for no favour at all.* The *Allies* drove the *Gulls* to the extremity of despair, till, having raised the devil, they were afraid to look him in the face.

Our General and his troops were ferried across the moat, and their first exploit was to throw themselves into a fort belonging to the *Bighose*, named *Billstadt*, which the *Gulls* were then besieging. These new defenders dealt such desperate blows on the assailants from the ramparts as soon obliged them to retreat. Our General then marched to join the *Eagles*, and, as the Freelanders acted only as auxiliaries, he was not to strut as commander-in-chief; but out of compliment to the well-known valour of the Freelanders, the Eagle-commander had the complaisance to yield to them the *post of honour*, that is to say, the most dangerous one. In fact, this amazing condescension was by no means novel, as, whenever Freeland supported any cause on the

other side of the moat, which was termed the *Main-Land*, her allies had ever been accustomed to pay them the compliment of permitting her heroes to signalize themselves as the *forlorn hope*.

Greenhorn Frederic was hugely inflated with this honour—if *permission to go to the devil as fast as one can*, may be deemed an honour. He panted for fame, which is only a finer term for breath—that same breath with which a man cools his porridge, or blows away an unsavoury smell from his olfactory nerves. Placing the firmest reliance on the valour of his followers, he presently bounced in upon the Gulls, and gave them such a dose of *Birmingham* and *Sheffield* ware*, as set them dancing in all manner of figures, either through pleasure or pain—we suppose the latter, as their faces exhibited strong symptoms of a *bowel complaint*. But what the Gulls were inferior to the Freelanders in nerve, they contrived to make up by headwork or stratagem. They had so often felt the energy of the Freelanders at close hugs, that they manœuvred

* We suppose the author alluded to plated ware, or buttons, if the latter had been invented then by some

at a more respectful distance, and laid divers traps to bring our General's *rawhead* into *bloody bones*. It was not long before he ran headlong into one of them. On the eve of an engagement, the Gulls had constructed a strong entrenchment in their rear, to which they were soon pushed, or cunningly retreated before the Freelanders. Then suddenly opening their ranks, the troops in the entrenched lines showered upon the victors such a storm,—(the MS. does not mention whether from the ancient balista and catapulta, or those more modern passports to heaven, cannons and mortars—but we suppose the latter,) as made a dreadful havoc among them, and obliged them to fall back in turn. They, however, kept up so determined a face, that the whole of the Gulls thought prudent to keep within their entrenched camp.

It was requisite that the allies should drive them thence, to be able to attack a strong fortified position named *Valentianæ*. By the disposition of the attack, the Freelanders had to cross a rivulet to reach the enemy, and some of their advanced posts appeared on the opposite side to prevent or annoy them in their passage. The

Freelanders, throwing themselves into the water with the most determined courage, these skirmishers were soon driven into the lines, of which Frederic was once more in sight. Having once already run his head against the same wall, he was become more cautious, and as it was near dark, he resolved to delay the assault till day-break, when the Gulls were found to have quitted their works during the night. The Freelanders and Gormands then sat down before *Valentianæ*, and the Eagles besieged *Condate*, another strong post, which were both obliged to capitulate.

A run of good luck is very often fatal to conquering heroes, as it induces a contempt of the enemy, and a relaxation of vigilance and caution. It was the case in the present instance with the allies, who thought already of sharing the spoils, although they had only worried, not wounded the bear. They vainly conceived that their laurels and conquests were permanent: but, through their own folly, both were soon to wither and fall away.

" So *Hudibras*, who thought h' had won
" The field, as certain as a gun;
" And having routed the whole troop,
" With victory was cock-a-hoop;

" Thinking h' had done enough to purchase
" Thanksgiving day among the churches,
" Wherein his mettle, and brave worth,
" Might be explain'd by Holder-forth,
" And register'd by fame eternal,
" In deathless pages of diurnal;
" Found in few minutes, to his cost,
" He did but count without his host;
" And that a turn-stile is more certain
" Than, in events of war, dame Fortune."

Frederic now proposed in a council of war to separate from the grand army, and march to attack another fort called *Tunquerque*, situate on the edge of the moat opposite to Freeland, whence the flotilla of the Gulls skulked out to annoy their trade. This proposal was strenuously opposed by all the other leaders, who predicted the evils likely to result from such a disunion. Frederic, however, would not depart from the *old family custom* of being as obstinate as the devil, (save his worship!) and away he marched. This was the most unfortunate step possible, as it gave the rest of the allies reason to think that Freeland combated rather for her own convenience than for the common cause. They resolved to follow the example. *Coalition*

became a *catch-what-you-can*, and the *common cause* was a *common jest*.

On the road to *Tunjacrque*. Frederic, hearing that the *Prince* of *Lemon*, who was the captain-general of the Bighose, was attacked by the Gulls, sent a detachment under general *Pond* (a brave officer) to his assistance. The Bighose, however, had been driven from their position before his arrival; and, it being too late to retreat, the brave general rushed upon the enemy, drove them out of their works, pursued and routed them a second time. The dispatches mentioned that the troops engaged in that affair had suffered severely, but had acquired great honour by their steadiness and resolution. In plain English—they had won one waggon-load of laurel boughs, and lost about 60 or 70 waggon-loads of men in killed and wounded. 'There's honour for you! there's vanity!' says Falstaff. 'I like not such grinning honour; give me life, which if I can save—so: if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.'—The old fat knight was a poltroon, but no fool.

The Freelanders soon appeared before *Tunquerque*, and the garrison made a vigorous sortie, but were as vigorously repulsed; or rather they retreated, to play off another scheme upon the hot-headed, fiery, sanguine Frederic; in which they succeeded well enough. It was said that Frederic thought to have been admitted into the town by the commandant, who was to have exchanged the iron keys of the gates, with Frederic's golden ones. Be that as it may; the Gulls, suspecting such an arrangement, had arrested the commandant, and Frederic, ignorant of the matter, pushed on after the repulsed besieged, until he was drawn within the range of the batteries and suffered great loss in his retreat. *Bray a fool in a mortar, and you will never be able to extract a single grain of wisdom.*

Our General's impolicy in separating from the main body was too glaring a piece of folly to escape unobserved by the wary, penetrating, active, restless Gulls, who being very numerous and concentrated, could reinforce any particular point of offence at any suitable time. The only mode of subduing them would have been that first adopted, of marching through the country

with such a combined force as would have mocked all opposition: but our *greenhorn's* rashness and vanity had knocked up that scheme, and exposed the whole of the combined armies to be cut off in detail, as was nearly the case in the end.

"Experience 'tis, by whose true eyes, though slow,
"We find, at last, what, oft too late, we know."

D'Avenant.

The Gulls determined to begin with the author of this disunion, whose force was the most inconsiderable, and they pushed on such prodigious reinforcements against him, as could scarcely fail to cripple, if not crush him. They began with repeated assaults upon general *Tagrag*, who covered the besiegers with a small body of troops, and though he defended his post with the true honour of a soldier, yet they poured fresh numbers upon him, until they drove him from his post. In the last assault, Tagrag, and one of Frederic's younger brethren, were for a while in the enemy's hands, until released by the desperate efforts of a brave officer. Frederic was now compelled to dance off from before the walls of *Tunquerque* with a flea in

his ear—that is, with more expedition than he could remove his cumbrous baggage and battering machines, which, of course, fell into the hands of the enemies. Nay, the very removal of their bodies was deemed so impracticable by fair play, that the Gulls made their pursuing general the head shorter, on suspicion that, like Atalanta, he had slackened his pursuit, through avarice, to pick up the golden apples which Frederic strewed in his flight. Money will bring a man out of any scrape. Engineers are but mortals, and the contents of a *money-bag* have a more deadly effect than those of a *mortar*—we mean a mortar in the field of battle, and not that in an apothecary's shop, which is the most destructive of all.

CHAPTER IX.

" And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd
" The further and the nearer side,
" (As seamen ride with all their force,
" And tug as if they row'd the horse;
" And when the hackney sails most swift,
" Believe they lag, or run adrift);
" So though he posted e'er so fast,
" His fear was greater than his haste."

Hudibras.

Our *knight errant* flew away from *Tunquerque* to rejoin the main body, which had been obliged to retreat, but the season was then too far passed to attempt to retrieve affairs. The close of this campaign afforded but a dreary prospect to the allies, and the opening of the next was worse. Whilst they eagerly contemplated the divisions of the Gulls, they paid no

attention to the seeds of mistrust and suspicion which were taking root among themselves. An unshaken rivality existed between the leaders of the Eagles and Gormands, and its concomitants, suspicion and jealousy, were so evident, that general *Brownwig* resigned his command, not to be a spectator of the evils which he foresaw would spring from this want of unanimity. The Eagles and Gulls had held a public conference by means of commissaries, and it was suspected that the former meant to secede from the coalition. To gloss his perfidy, *Eagle Frederic* applied to the Gormands for a part of his expences incurred in the general defence, which they, mistrusting his intentions, very properly refused.

Eagle Frederic was, in fact, to have purchased his secession on most advantageous terms, but he still aimed, with the connivance of the Gulls, to be indemnified for the expences of his two former campaigns. He never expected any thing from the Gormands, who were poor, and his bait was thrown out for the Freelanders, whose resources in trade were *a Peru*, and whose directors were good-natured, easy, credulous

men. Eagle Frederic declared that he gave up the contest for the following reasons: That he considered the Gulls as unconquerable; their resources exhaustless; their spirit and numbers irresistible; their enthusiasm overwhelming all opposition to the propagation of their democratic principles. Lastly, he pleaded the extreme poverty to which his tenants were reduced. Notwithstanding his character was so notoriously slippery that his friends and neighbours would place no confidence in him, the credulous directors of Freeland agreed to pay an immense sum for a small body of troops—whose motions were to be solely regulated by one of Eagle Frederic's own officers. The consequence was foreseen and verified—*they did no service at all!*

This breach was no sooner apparently closed than another yawning chasm threatened this *Irish* union in which every one acted for himself. The Gormand plan for the ensuing campaign was said to be so calculated to invest themselves with the sole direction, that *Freeland Frederic* refused to act before the Freelanders had been consulted upon it. This was the apparent objection, although it was also reported that our

General thought it beneath his rank and dignity to serve under the Gormand general *Clearstarch*, who was only a plebeian, though a brave and experienced general. It should seem that there was something in the latter report, as the matter was compromised by an agreement that the *lord* of the Gormands should command in person; and the union was again botched up, as tinkers stop one leak in a kettle, and make two. 'They shook hands,' as *Asmodeus* says, 'in token of reconciliation, and were sworn enemies ever after.'

The Gormand lord set out on his journey to the army with vast parade, and no little loss of time, which some *foolish* commanders think invaluable in war. On his arrival, it was resolved to signalize his presence by some extraordinary feat, and the siege of *Landrechies*, a strong fortress, was agreed upon. The Gulls were strongly posted in the neighbourhood, and the fall of the place depended on their being dislodged. That part of the enemy which the Freelanders engaged, was covered by a wood, very difficult to be penetrated, but they surmounted all obstacles, and, in the end, the allies forced the Gulls to retreat. Not-

withstanding this defeat, the Gulls attacked the division consisting of the Bighose on the very next day, and were again repulsed. Three days afterwards, they fell upon the Gormand advanced posts, and, having driven them in, attacked the main body; but these, supported by a body of Freeland horse, forced them to withdraw in great disorder.

The Gulls then resolved to lay by for reinforcements, but the allies would not give them time to increase their force. The Freeland division attacked and forced them to retreat to *Camcracum*, another strong fortress. Undismayed by this defeat, the Gulls attacked the Freelanders the day following, but were again put to the rout. They also attacked the Gormand division, and with no better success.

It would be foreign to our purpose of amusing our readers, to give them a dry narrative of battles fought with various success, as they were almost every day. Notwithstanding that the Gulls were worsted in general, yet that spirit of mistrust, which had been only smothered among the allies, and which not even the necessity of acting with confidence and unanimity could wholly

suppress, had extinguished the ardour requisite for great enterprises, by damping that hope of success which depends on mutual honour, secrecy, and support. The advantages, therefore, which they derived from their victories were trifling; and those were diminishing daily with their resources. The allied armies consisted at first of veterans, whose very presence impressed the raw levies of the Gulls with a consciousness of inferiority; and it was not till they had gained experience, at the expense of many bloody defeats, that they began to dare to face their antagonists. But the policy of the Gulls in making incessant attacks, had no sooner obliged the allies to repair their losses by fresh recruits, than the point of soldiership became more equally divided, and numbers soon turned the day in favour of the Gulls.

O LIBERTY! It is astonishing that men, who, for ages together, had been rank slaves, should no sooner have gotten a glimpse of THEE, than they should have been animated with a force and energy, more than human. It is a proof, that however long a sense of THEE may have lain dormant in the breast of man, THOU art his na-

tural birth-right—derived from God, and his greatest blessing. But there is no blessing which the perversity of human nature may not convert into a curse. Thus, who would not subscribe to the poet's opinion,—

> " A day, an hour of virtuous *Liberty,*
> " Is worth a whole eternity of bondage,"—

if he had not seen, or read, that even THOU, *O blessed* LIBERTY, mightest be perverted into LICENTIOUSNESS?—

> " More *liberty* begets desire of more;
> " The hunger still increases with the store."

How can this vile abuse be avoided? We can only give it as our opinion, that a *medium* is best in all worldly affairs—whether male or female; and shall proceed with our romance.

We come now to speak of an affair, in which our hero will be seen in a new light, and not only our hero but his horse. One morning, at day-break, the Gulls attacked the Freelanders, who were separated from each other, and advanced before the rest of the allies, (the general in his great military knowledge can best tell why,) and, inclosing, fell upon them on every

side. After a desperate struggle, the Freelanders were obliged to give way before immense superiority of force. Frederic, with the greatest difficulty, made his escape, wisely conceiving that as a general is the head and soul of an army, it was policy in him to take care of the general, whatever became of the army. Only two officers had kept close to him, and, as they were cut off from a junction with the main body, they rode towards a small village, which they expected to have found occupied by friends. They galloped into the interior, when, on turning one of the streets rather sharply, they discovered it to be in the hands of the enemy, who at first fled, supposing that they headed a body of troops. Soon recovering from their error, they rallied and pursued the general and his two aids-de-camp, who fled they knew not whither, but unfortunately towards a river. The swiftness of their horses gave them considerable advantage in speed; but they were in momentary danger of being overtaken by the messengers of death which the pursuers sent after them. On reaching the bank of the river, the general's horse discovered, that he was no friend in

need, as he made much ceremony of entering the water, notwithstanding the pressure of the occasion. The pursuers were drawing nearer every moment, and making discharges to bring them down with as much glee as a sportsman would aim at a covey of partridges. Frederic, after finding that coaxing, stroking the mane and shoulders, were unavailing, applied the argument of the spur. The horse would approach the edge of the bank, stretch out its neck, as if viewing its reflexion in the glassy stream, and there remain as still as a first-rate beauty admiring herself in her mirror. Frederic urged the heel argument with more force; but the sorry beast would only move to the right or the left, or, smarting with pain, turn round and gallop towards the pursuers, as if through revenge. Being brought round by force of the rein, and again driven to the edge of the water, Frederic applied the additional argument of the flat of his sword, whilst the two aids-de-camp posted themselves in the rear to prevent any retrograde motion, and belabored its crupper to urge its advance. But whether the horse had imbibed disloyal and democratical principles by

feeding on the soil, or breathing the air, or by instinctive conference with its brethren of the other side of the question, it maintained its point with inflexible obstinacy, as if it had been able to divine that the pursuers would soon decide the contest in its favour. After a most undaunted resistance of one to three, fortune declared in favour of the weakest side by the death of one of the aids-de-camp, whom the pursuers brought to the ground. There was no time for further argument. Frederic jumped off the unruly beast with all the agility of a professed vaulter, and whether he had too much generosity to run his sword into the traitor, or the pressure of the moment made him forget to inflict so well merited a punishment, he only bade the devil take it, and then plunged into the water like a wounded Greenland bear flying from its pursuers. He reached the opposite side uninjured, notwithstanding all the malice of his enemies, and without any other inconvenience than a wet jacket, and the loss of a *laurel bough*, which he usually wore in his hat, for we know not what reason. He had not fled far on foot before he met a led-horse belonging to one of his colonels, which he

mounted, and hastened to a place of safety. This fortunate escape proves that *swimming* may be ranked among the accomplishments of the exalted character of a general; and it forms as memorable an epocha in our hero's life, as was the passage of the *Granicus* in *Alexander's;* only it is of a different stamp.

As for the accursed, deceitful, treacherous steed, we have never heard what became of it; but we hope it furnished a meal to the dogs or wolves. It was as full of mischief as the Grecian horse presented to the Trojans. It has been said that our hero, to punish this instance of degeneracy in the *noble* horse, promoted the use of *plebeian* donkies. Many kings have been obliged to resort to a similar method of humbling the overbearing pride of their nobles; in these days, our nobles are terrible to no one; even a *theatrical clown* will not scruple to knock one of them down at a masquerade.

CHAPTER X.

" Dost thou not know the fate of soldiers?
" They're but ambition's tools, to cut a way
" To her unlawful ends; and, when they're worn,
" Hack'd, hewn with constant service, thrown aside,
" To rust in peace, or rot in hospitals!"

Southern.

The Gulls now thought themselves irresistible, not so much for their late victory, as from the decrease and discouragement of the enemy, whilst they could replace their slain with fresh multitudes at every moment. To improve their success, they attacked the allies four days afterwards, but were defeated with greater loss than what the enemy had suffered in the last engagement. Now,—if at any time, it appeared that the allies might have decided the campaign; but the *Lord* of the Gormands thought proper

to return to his home, although affairs were yet in a very unsettled posture. It is true that he was no more of a soldier than our grandmother; but his presence might have inspirited his soldiers. If it be true that—

> "No state of human life is to be envied,
> But lunacy and folly;"

then was this lord to be envied indeed.

The Gulls met with two or three following severe defeats; but their cool and solid calculations on the progressive force of numbers were certain, as well as novel, and therefore unexpected. Their armies received recruits incessantly, and wearied the allies, who disappeared before this harassing and destructive warfare, like snow before the sun. The consequence was, that the allies were separated, and the Freelanders were compelled to retreat before the enemy to some place where they might have communication with their friends at home by means of the moat, and either make a stand till they should be enabled to open another campaign, or to re-embark and return home.

The division of the Gulls, which pursued the Freelanders in their retreat, was at least

three times as numerous; yet they were often compelled to halt; and many times to retreat with great loss; but to put a total stop to their progress, was beyond all probability. The Gulls placed so full a dependence on their *worrying system*, that no weather could stop them. The encounters continued to the very depth of winter, when our hero, unused to such hyperborean pastime, grew weary of the fun, and returned to warm his fingers at his own fire-side; leaving his troops in almost too desperate a state to make any effectual resistance. Whatever other faults, or follies, may be charged upon our General, that of self-neglect was indubitably not one of them.—

> " Self love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
> " As *self-neglecting*.—" *Shakespeare.*

In short, as is generally the case, this *Jack-of-all-Trades*, and master of none, prayed like a soldier, and fought like a bishop—without rhyme or reason.

To add to the distress of the Freeland army, effecting a retreat before a victorious enemy thrice as numerous, the severity of the weather was unparalleled in that climate, and the *Bighose*, whose country they were then defending, having been

tainted with democratic principles, behaved to them with more cruelty and insolence than the foes with whom they were desperately contending. They exhibited in reality the fable of the ass kicking at the sick lion. To sum up the whole scene of misery, our HERO had no sooner resigned the command of the army to a foreign general, than the most infamous abuses were committed. There never was a period when such enormous sums were granted for supplies, and never were troops worse supplied. The helpless sick and wounded were abandoned to ignorants, cheap-work surgeons' mates, and to griping deputy commissaries, whose interest it was to deprive them of every shadow of comfort or alleviation. The immense sum of 40,000 *livres* was drawn for the single article of wine for the sick; but the surgeons, and mates, and commissaries, conceived that it might inflame their fevers, and leaving them to the care of any ministering angel that would take the trouble upon his hands, they proved themselves better compounders of grog, toddy, negus and punch, than ever they had been of lotions, potions, and cataplasms. Although these *cheap*

gentlemen were only ignorant and inhuman butchers, yet they swilled themselves at the public expence, and with loss of life to many hundreds of braver fellows, as if they had been men of merit. The only merit they could boast of, was that of drowning the feeble complaints from the feverish lungs of the wretched sufferers by their shouts and drunken revelry. We hope these, and all like miscreants will find that there is—

" ——————————— some chosen curse,
" Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
" Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
" Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin."

Gracious heaven! when we consider the removal of the sick, exposed to the severest weather in open waggons;—without any food till the army halted;—and, when arrived at a town, littered in the cold, damp churches, on dirty straw;—when we paint to our imaginations men, women, and children, frozen to death on the baggage waggons, and hundreds of soldiers perishing through cold and hunger on their marches; we might be led away, in a fit of humanity, to give to the devil (the common exe-

cutioner to whom we generally consign those evil doers who are above the controul of human laws) the execrable wretches who are the authors of all those miseries, and to hold in utmost detestation—

" ————the tricks of states, snares of *wise* princes,
" To draw their easy neighbours to destruction;
" To waste with fire and sword their fruitful fields:
" Like some accursed fiend who 'scap'd from hell,
" Poisons the balmy air, through which he flies;
" Blasts the bearded corn, and loaded branches,
" The lab'ring hind's best hopes, and marks his way with ruin."

—But this sentiment, from its very amiability and seeming justice, would only plunge us into one of the greatest errors, as we shall endeavour to prove to the whole world, that warriors are the benefactors of mankind, and war one of the greatest of all human blessings. We say—to the *whole world*—because we heartily wish, *for its instruction as well as amusement*, that this *one work* may be in *every man's* hand.

The following calculation, then, will be found true by unerring rules of arithmetic: The circumference of one of the grand circles of our sphere being 7,200 marine leagues of 2,850

fathoms, and of 20 to the degree, its diameter will be 2,291$\frac{5}{7}\frac{9}{1}$ leagues; its surface 16.501.183$\frac{7}{7}\frac{}{1}$ leagues, which, being reduced into square feet, gives 4,825,110,925,148,450. If we only deduct one half, supposed to be occupied by the sea, the lakes, and rivers, there will remain 2,415,555,462,574,225.

Now—let us suppose this half to be inhabited by a thousand millions of men; if this number was to increase yearly only one hundredth, it would be so great at the end of 1,476, that it would, within a trifle, fill the whole habitable surface of the earth, giving to each man the space of a square foot; for $\frac{1}{1}\frac{0}{0}\frac{0}{0}$ elevated to its 1.476th power, and multiplied by 1,000,000,000, produces the number 2,389,936,508,196,722. If we add to this number the product of one year more, it will then give 2,413,835,873,278,689, which will exceed that of the square feet which the habitable part of our globe contains.

But if, instead of the hundredth, we suppose the number of men to increase a twenty-fifth, which would not be exorbitant on a supposition of so long a life, were it even a great deal shorter, at the end of 374 years, this thousand millions of men would amount to

2,346,681,621,621,621, a number almost equal to that of the square feet contained in the habitable part of the earth. If we add one year more of such an increase, we shall then have 2,440,548,886,486,485, a greater number than that of the square feet, which the water leaves uncovered on the surface of the globe.

This number, great as it is, is nothing in comparison of that which would be produced by such an increase continued for 1500 years. Imagination starts at it. Then would mankind be heaped on each other, were they no bigger than lemons. Here is the number calculated according to the logarithms of eight decimals: 55,481,257,359,813,084,135,514,018,691,588,785, a number above two hundred times greater than that of 162,628,999,125,937,563,623,442,432,000,000, which gives the cubical points of matter contained on the entire mass of our globe. It must be observed that a cubic inch contains 2,985,984 of those points.

What must we conclude hence?—That every thing is wisely arranged; that all things—even those which we dread so much, death for example—are ordained for our good; that the

Almighty, to leave us more at liberty, and give us elbow-room, has willed that there should be diseases, physicians, military men, executioners, and a thousand other destructive engines, of which we are so silly as to complain, without reflecting that all this is necessary to prune the great tree of human nature, to give it air, and to husband its sap by retrenching its superfluous branches, which would soon cause it to perish without this precaution. Of what consequence, therefore, is the slaughter of hundreds, thousands, or even millions of human beings, since mankind, if not cut off by some other means than natural death, would soon be driven to the necessity of eating one another, to have room to lie down in?*—There can be no doubt that this was the origin of war. One acre, under good husbandry, will maintain more persons than one thousand would suffice in a state of nature. Sufficient wheat may be raised to maintain a family during a whole year on that

* Buffon justifies the practice of eating animal food on similar grounds, namely, that if we did not eat the beasts, they would soon leave us nothing to eat.

ground where deer or other game would not be found sufficient for a week's consumption. Immense tracts of ground were, therefore, indispensably necessary to, comparatively few children of nature, and to deprive them of it, was to curtail the necessaries of life. Territory was madly invaded and desperately defended. The victors, either through hunger, or revenge on those who would have reduced them to famine, would glut themselves on their slaughtered bodies. Hence, we denominate them savages, although *they* generally fought for territory to support existence, and *we* fight for territory, of which we can make no use at all—mere *cat-skin* land! Reason will decide to whom the epithet of *savages* is most applicable.

For our parts, let us rejoice that we live in an age, when it is the fashion to cut each other's throats. Let us act with justice, bless our *benefactors*, the butchers of our superfluous race, and no more apply the term *unnatural* to scenes of war and bloodshed, which nature has rendered necessary to the well-being of mankind. Let us implicitly believe that,

"Whatever is, is right"—

since self-preservation is the first law of nature. When our *statesmen* are playing the parts of *idiots*, as is the case of 99 out of 100 of them, let us comfort ourselves that they are only *naturals*, that is, executors of the laws of nature. When our *generals* play the *fools*, or *cowards*, as the greatest *huffers* among them will do at times, let us console ourselves with the reflection, that the world benefits equally by them, so as they lead their men into some confounded scrape, and there be but blood eno' spilt.—Freeland wisely considered the matter in this light, as she has been known to entrust the command of an important expedition to a *colonel*, who was only known by his talking of war like a *parrot*, and on the very first trial, was most soundly banged by a *pastry-cook*. But her statesmen sagely reflected that the end was gained, as he lost men enough, and they would have been heartily glad, if he had lost himself into the bargain, and the devil had found him.

But to return to our Hero, who reached Freeland in safety, and after the dreadful sufferings, on which we have barely touched—to avoid panging our reader's sensibility—his troops

arrived at the edge of the moat, and followed him. Our HERO might then have justly exclaimed with his brother hero, *Jack Falstaff*,—'I have led my rag-a-muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's-end, to beg during life.'

CHAPTER XI.

VOICE.

"Aut Cæsar, aut nullus."

ECHO.

—— —— —— nullus.

VOICE.

"What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
"Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools."

ECHO.

—— —— —— —— —— —— fools.

IF it be permitted to those grave gentlemen—the learned brethren of the coif—to foist *Joe Miller's* jests into their most serious business; we conceive that we may be allowed by those carping rag-a-muffins,—those satirical, critical, panoramal, cynical, venal, half-crown, eighteen-penny drudges, the *Reviewers*, to slip one of them now and then into a work, professedly

designed for the public amusement. In fact, every man, who purchases eighteen-penny, or half a crown's worth of their prostituted trash, tacitly acknowledges *that his own judgement is not worth so much.* This growing evil is of too great magnitude to be treated of here, as well as foreign to our present purpose; but we may hereafter amuse the public with such private anecdotes of proprietors, publishers, and contributors to Reviews, as will enable them to guess at the mischievous contents of this new *Pandora's* box. At present, we shall only say that, in defiance to these *Cerberuses*, to whom we disdain to give a sop, we shall endeavour to please our readers in our own way, and they may go to the devil in theirs;—so now comes the jest:—One of the kings of England having been prevailed upon, by the incessant applications of some of his courtiers, to knight a person, whom he knew would prove a disgrace to the honour; when he came to perform the ceremony, the unworthy object hung down his head, as if conscious of his demerits. "Nay, man," cried the king, "do not be abashed; it is I who have the greatest reason to be ashamed of this act."—

We know not who blushed when, soon after our HERO's flight from the *Main Land*, he was created Field-Marshal, and, on the death of the commander-in-chief, was appointed to succeed him. And yet, *perhaps*, had not his ancestors,

" ———— by their victorious acts bequeath'd
" His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,
" *This is a lord*—he had liv'd unobserv'd
" By any man of mark, and died as one
" Amongst the *common rout*."

We know, however, that if our *hero* did not blush for his honours, his honours might well blush for him. The *Freclanders* grinned at the idol—the Mars—to whom they were to look up as their *Palladium*. Ever since his swimming feat, they could not separate him, in idea, from a *drake*, now swimming, and then diving in a pond, to elude the fangs of the pursuing dogs. Indeed, the Freelanders have ever been remarked by their neighbours for a happy knack of turning all their misfortunes into a jest. They hoped, however, (we cannot say they expected) that the honour and importance attached to this high station would make our hero verify the old Latin adage—*Honores mutant mores:* that is,

that he would resolve, in Jack Falstaff's English paraphrase—'If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should do;'—but he had too much spirit to adopt these tame plebeian notions. On the contrary, he shook his elbows, rattled the glasses, and firked the lasses, with more ardour than ever. Debts of honour, and debts of mistresses, increased on every hand; but who, that values his reputation, would be out of debt, when, as *Pistol* says,—

"Base is the slave that pays." *Shakspeare.*

—To borrow is an act of prudence, as well as an acquisition of good fame, of honour and respect. It is an act of prudence to borrow money, for who can tell whether the world will last till the day of payment? and, if it should hold out so long,—

"What fool so confident to say
"That he shall live another day?"

—It is an acquisition of good fame, as all your creditors will be interested in bolstering up your credit, lest, if your prosperity should be doubted, they should lose their debts. They will, there-

fore, speak well of you in every company, to get you fresh credit, by which means you may be enabled to rob Peter to pay Paul, and they fill up their own ditches with other men's earth. —It procures you honour to have the world see your *levées* attended by swarms of creditors, obsequious, humble, fawning, and full of reverences; who seem to live but in your smiles, which they take as earnest of being preferred in course of payment—if a day of reckoning should ever come.—It gives respect, as every man cannot gain credit, if he would, as many of our readers may have experienced, as well as ourselves. For all which reasons, to be over head and ears in debt is to be at the top of the fashion, as thus—to run into debt is *princely;* to call your creditors together is *princely;* to compound with your creditors is *princely;* and we have more than one *princely* authority for saying so.

Now—when a man exceeds his income, some other person, or persons, must suffer for it.—Alas, poor Freeland! Our hero's debts were so many stabs in thy vitals. 'Blacklegs and mistresses were paid and complimented with com-

missions in the army in lieu of cash; and, discarded, unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen'—scare-crows as bad as, or worse than, those whom Falstaff was ashamed to head in person through the streets of Coventry—'villains that march'd wide between the legs, as if they had gyves on'—crept into the army, like midnight thieves into a house by means of *pick-lock keys*, and settled—not in their proper places, as powder-monkeys, or camp-colourmen, but as officers.—*Proh, pudor!*—Nay, so extensively was this *dishonourable* traffic become, that the veterans and the *real* gentlemen of this honourable profession were afraid to inquire the last pursuit in life of any new comer into their mess, lest—

"—— in the porches of their ears should pour
"The leprous distilment"—

the insulting, degrading reply of—servant to a kept-mistress—plyer to a gaming-house, waiter at a bagnio, marker at a tennis-court, or billiard-table, or sheriff's officer's assistant. These mal-appointments took place, too, at a time when the army had ceased to be a matter of mere parade, and was become a serious object of the

defence of the country. The Freelanders had been for a long time, and with the greatest reason, accustomed to place the utmost reliance on their flotilla for their defence; but an enemy had sprung up, like a mushroom from a dung-hill, who threatened to elude its vigilance, and to put the army to its mettle. The Freelanders had no less confidence in their army, but they must be aware that the soldiers could place no confidence in the numerous *exotics*, who had crept into the situations of officers, and who, instead of giving them the word of command in that resolute tone of voice, and with that air of assurance, which bespeaks at once a confidence of victory from their own skill and the bravery of their followers, would appear as lost as *Francis the drawer*, when all the tavern bells were ringing at once, and a hundred voices calling together—"waiter! waiter!" and would be more ready to cry out—"Anon, anon; coming, Sir!" —than to give the word—"Fix bayonets!"—Oh!—

"That such slaves as these should wear a sword,
"Who wear no honesty!"— *Shakspeare.*

—— So it was, however, and we can neither

make better, nor worse of it;—the devil may make what he can, for it was a devilish doing. We cannot wonder at it, however, if the maxim be correct which we remember to have seen lain down some-where — no matter where — that 'where commanders-in-chief did not rise to their distinguished rank by their own merit, it could reasonably be expected that they should promote others on that score.'

We remember, likewise, to have seen it remarked of a commander-in-chief, that—'should he have the good luck to get the appointment of his own staff, he would have an opportunity of providing for several friends, and, perhaps, of putting some money into his own pocket by the proper disposal of a few commissions. If the persons he recommended should be unfit for their situations, it would be but a temporary inconvenience; for they would soon be put on half-pay, and (thanks to the liberal system of this—we know not what—country!) enjoy, after a short probation, snug sinecures for life.'——Now, whether our *hero* was actuated by any such interested motive—(we hope not)—or whether he was influenced by that mania of men newly en-

tered upon office, of doing somewhat *speedily*, and therefore generally *unsuccessfully*, to prove themselves worthy of it;—or, whether satiated with tame, easy conquests, he—

—"ask'd no other blessing of his star—
"No prize but fame, no mistress but the wars."—

—Whichever of these was the reason (let the reader find any other if he can)—he determined once again to—

"———— tempt the doubtful fray."—

"Surely you never can be so mad!" exclaimed the *Squire*, his brother.

"I am resolved, however, to try fortune once more, George."—

"Well, if thou dost, Fred. mayest thou fare like an ass—"

"An ass!—"

"Aye, an ass—of whom I am going to tell thee an allegorical fable—one of my own making, Fred.—and thou wilt confess, when thou hast heard it, that thy case is not unlike his—in the *exordium*, at least, whatever it may be in the *peroration*.—Leave off chinking the glasses, and hiccupping only for a minute or two, and lend me the whole length of your second edition of *Midas's* ears. Here it goes:"—

THE ASS AND HORSE,

OR

THE ROAD TO FORTUNE.

Upon a waste, where little grass
Was ever seen to grow;
Together browz'd a horse and ass,
With stomachs keen, I trow:
The horse, an old and trusty slave,
The ass, from birth, a very knave.

The former, in most piteous mood,
Complain'd of man's ingratitude,
Which turn'd him out (his strength now spent)
To starve: his gen'rous heart was rent:—
The latter stubborn, like his crew,
Who never to his owner drew
A single penny gain;
Yet prick'd his ears, as court-ass proud,
Of services, ne'er done, talk'd loud—
In short—an ass in grain.

" *Brother*," quoth he, " this tyrant, man,
" To *our* deserts is blind;
" But, trust me, I have hit a plan,
" Shall work him to our mind;
" Since he to *us* is so unjust,
" Let 's have *lex talionis;*
" To take our due 's no breach of trust,
" Now tell me what wrong done is?
" His pastures rich let 's both attack,
" O'erleaping fence and rail;
" The belly full, ne'er mind the back—
" Than starve, 'tis better steal."

Stung by his wrongs, the noble beast
To bad advice gave way;
So off they pranc'd, resolv'd to feast,
Whatever they might pay:
Not far they'd gone, when, lo! they found
A field of finest grass;
But with enclosure high fenc'd round,
And HODGE to guard the pass.

Regardless of the clown or club,
Ned boldly led the way;
Whilst Hodge prepar'd his hide to drub—
Fright kept the steed at bay.

Long doubtful hung the direful fray
Betwixt the clown and ass;
One did his best to guard the way—
The other swore he'd pass:
Like skilful generals, each did try
The other to surprize;
In turns they'd each advance and fly—
Ned bray'd—Hodge d—d his eyes.

At length, for want of breath near dead,
Hodge strove to turn the day,
And aim'd a blow at Neddy's head—
Ned caught it t'other way:
Like lightning then, with well rais'd hoofs,
He brought poor *Clodpoll* down;
And taunting bray'd—"I think ye've proofs,
"An ass can beat a clown."

No more, on either side, was said—
Ned frisk'd, and bray'd, and graz'd,
While, at a distance, stood the steed,
At what had past, amaz'd.
To him says Ned, elate with pride:
"What need had ye to fear?
"When Fortune calls, ne'er mind your hide,
"But boldly persevere."

MORAL.

The Road to Fortune ev'ry *fool* does know,
'Tis only following the advice of Ned;
The world may drub them;—they give kick for blow,
Grow sleek and fat, whilst *modest men* want bread.

"By G—! George, you have bought those lines—you never composed them. The world gives you credit for wit, but that's only because you're *heir apparent*. You may inherit the *lordship*, indeed; but I never heard of such an *heir-loom* as wit in our whole pedigree."

"I made them, however, Fred."

"Aye, by purchase."

"No—spun from my own sense-box, or may I never throw in, my horse never be thrown out; may I never taste *Maria's* lips, or good old wine again!"

"Well, well, George, I believe you, now you have taken your *bible oath* of it. But it is queer that nature should give *you* brains, and deny them to all the rest of the family."

"That need not grieve you, Fred.; a soldier

has no need of brains; for a man, who had any, would never run the risk of having them scattered about in the field of battle. I command a regiment, it is true; but they are such fine *china fellows*, that home is the best place for them, and me too. But come, let's to the business in hand; —drink, my bully-swaggerer!"

"Have at ye, my princely guzzler—my royal tun-belly! I'll pledge thee in—

—healths nine fathoms deep."

Catch—

How stands the glass around, &c.

CHAPTER XII.

"Would I were in an alehouse in London, I would give all my *fame* for a pot of ale in safety."

Shakespeare.

By a strange reverse of circumstances, the Bighose were now become the foes of Freeland, as the democratic party, with the assistance of the Gulls, had gained the ascendancy over the *Lemonites*, and driven the Prince of Lemon to seek an asylum in Freeland.—

"Oh, world, thy slippery turns. Friends new fast sworn,
"Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
"Whose hours, whose bed, whose meat and exercise
"Are still together; who twine (as 'twere) in love
"Inseparable; shall within this hour,
"On a dissension of a doit, break out
"To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
"Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep,

"Part the one the other by some chance,
"Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
"And interjoin their issues."—

Shakespeare.

They could not be worse as foes, than they had been as friends. On the first repulse before Tunquerque, they had run off in a body to their homes, and, on the subsequent reverses of the allies, had behaved towards them with the greatest inhumanity, and even decided hostility. The Freelanders resolved, notwithstanding this rancour, like true christians, to endeavour to free them from a yoke which they bore very contentedly. A large force was assembled on the frontiers of Freeland for the avowed purpose, which was denominated *The Secret Expedition*, we suppose from its destination being known to all the world!

The expedition was as *wisely* conducted, as it had been *secretly* planned. The event demonstrated that if a blow had been struck with the whole force at once, the end would have been rapidly and fully obtained; but our hero was obstinately bent on having things done in his own way and at his own time (for what is the

use of power if we do not exercise it?), and every thing went the wrong way. A brave veteran general, named RALPHO, was, therefore, embarked with a part of the army, and so little precaution had been taken, that the whole of them had nearly been starved or drowned at the outset. The weather was, for some days, unfavourable to their landing, as every man, but the *wise ministers* of Freeland knew would be the case at times. The flotilla were blown about on the water, and po visions ran short, there not having been the least allowance made for so *common* an *occurrence* as a change of wind. It became favourable, however, at the critical moment, when the flotilla was about to return. The brave Freelanders landed, and drove the enemy before them to a considerable distance, and the only obstacle to their giving them a total defeat, was that they could not pursue them for want of cavalry, which it had not been thought necessary to send with them. Precious ministers! precious commander-in-chief!—

"Oh fate of *fools!* officious in contriving,
"In executing puzzled, lame and lost."—

The enemy's flotilla was, however, taken pos-

session of, and there needed only the arrival of our hero with the remainder of the expedition to take advantage of the panic-struck foe, and render success complete: but he had to bid adieu to his mistresses, to drink some parting matches with his toping friends, and to collect *trappings* for a suite worthy of his *great self*. He marched out with all the pomp of *Darius*, and sneaked home like a cur with a tin cannister tied to his tail. As a sport-loving lady once disdainfully told a dull gentleman that he could not spell *op-por-tu-ni-ty*: so Fortune, true to her sex, resented the slight, and turned trull to the enemy.

Many persons shewed their ignorance of the military profession, by taxing our hero with folly: but he only followed one of the rules of war well known to other commanders-in-chief: 'when any service of danger is to be performed, you should send your second in command, or some inferior officer—but whomsoever you send, if he succeeds in the business, be sure to take all the merit of it to yourself.'—If general Ralpho, therefore, met with any success, our hero might arrive in time to gather all the laurels:—

" For great commanders only own
" What's prosp'rous by the soldier done"—

Hudibras.

—if, on the contrary, he ran himself into a snare, our hero might have the honour of extricating him from it.

Honour both ways!

Unluckily, however, there was a third way, which led to the very reverse, and that way the bias of the bowl took. General Ralpho did all that could be expected to be done with his diminutive force; but he could not do all that was to be done. Our hero, therefore, could borrow no lustre, but from his own achievements, and a *decent job* he made of it.

After having dallied, drunk and drivelled away much precious and irredeemable time, our hero arrived at last with the remainder of the troops, and a large reinforcement of their allies, the Bearskins, landed at the same time to co-operate with them. But the best part of the *fair* was over. The Bighose had, in a great measure, recovered from their panic; obstructed all the roads; removed all supplies, and received large bodies of troops from the Gulls, who had

advanced, and strongly entrenched themselves in face of the Freelanders and Bearskins. Soon after our hero's arrival, a general attack was made upon the enemy by the Freelanders and Bearskins divided into four columns. The Bearskins formed one column to the right, and commenced the attack, which was soon after followed up by the Freelanders who composed the other three columns. The Bearskins, at first, drove every thing before them with irresistible impetuosity, and bravery: but, entering a village, and imagining the victory complete, they could not resist the temptation of plunder. Whilst they were dispersed in the utmost confusion, the enemy rallied, rushed upon them before they could recover from their disorder, drove them out of the village, and pushed them very closely in their retreat. The other three wings were successful; but the Bearskins, being driven upon that next to them in irrecoverable confusion, obliged it to retreat also, and the whole army was, in consequence, compelled to fall back to its last position.

To gain time was, with the Bighose and Gulls, to gain the day, as they raised up new

obstacles every day to the invaders. Our hero trifled it away in the first instance; the misconduct of their allies lost it in the second, and the weather, which was for some time unfavourable to a renewal of hostilities, gave them a good breathing interval in the third.

When the season grew milder, the attack was renewed, and by opposing the Freelanders to the Gulls, and leaving the Bighose to the Bearskins, the cause of the former failure was done away, as the brunt of the day fell upon the Freelanders, who were more cool, and under better subordination. After a well-contested action, the Gulls and Bighose were put to the rout. This affair was deemed so decisive, that the whole northern part of the country was considered as subdued. The enemy were broken and dispersed, and a vigorous pursuit was only wanting to drive them on before like a flock of sheep; but our hero generously abstained from taking such an advantage of their distress, preferring that other mode of warfare, which is commonly practised by commanders of *similar experience*:—'If you are pursuing a retreating enemy, let him get a few days march a-head, to shew

him that you have no doubt of being able to overtake him, when you set about it: and who knows but this proceeding may encourage him to stop? After he has retired to a place of security, you may then go in quest of him with your whole army.'—The enemy were actually so encouraged by this generous procedure, that they concentrated and recruited their forces in a strong position, before they were attacked the third time. With these advantages on their side, they maintained another desperate conflict; and it was with difficulty that the Freelanders and Bearskins could drive them from their position. The victorious soldiery were making preparations for passing the night on the field of battle, when, amidst pitchy darkness and clouds showering down in cataracts, a most unexpected and astonishing order was issued for the troops to form, and a *retreat* ensued in as much confusion, as if they had suffered a total rout!—The reasons assigned for this unaccountable retrograde movement were, that there was no shelter from the inclemency of the weather, and that the country was exhausted of supplies. Had not our commander intelligence of the state of the

country only a few miles a-head of him? If he had not, he was but a schoolboy general; if he had, it was unpardonable to destroy so great a part of so brave an army in driving the enemy from a position which there was no possibility of his maintaining. Invested with the command of such tried soldiers, a general, who knew his business, would, perhaps, have followed up the enemy that very night, or at day-break the next morning, with a brisk and determined resolution, after having informed his troops that there was no other mode left than to *conquer* or *die*. In this case, the attempt would have been crowned with the most brilliant success; as it has been since acknowledged by several distinguished officers of the enemy, that general Bruno, their commander, had no other thought than that of abandoning the whole country, when the sudden retreat of our hero (or, as some persons, as obstinate as himself, will have it—*flight*) occasioned him to change his intentions. What could be our hero's motive for such a *job* of *generalship*? Was it generosity or fear?—If the former, nothing (we are told) is so commendable as generosity to an enemy. To follow

up a victory would be taking the advantage of his distress. It will be sufficient, therefore, for you to shew, that you can beat him when you think proper. Besides, giving your enemy too severe a drubbing may put an end to the war, before you have provided for your dependents. If the latter—why, there is no accounting for it; courage is a fit—comes and goes—rushes in and steals off. If the blood be congealed—the hero is no more; even past remembrance cannot restore him to what he was, before the cold fit thinks proper to depart. In vain will he exclaim—

"Glory, where art thou? Fame, revenge, ambition,
"Where are you fled? There's ice upon my nerves:
"My salt, my mettle, and my spirits gone,
"Pall'd as a slave, that's bedrid with an ague."

—Our hero knew this to be the case, and therefore, having once begun to run, he resolved to keep on till he got home: but how to get clear of the enemy, was a consideration, which now, for the *first* time, intruded itself into his head, as Bruno crowed valiantly the instant he heard that his antagonist had betrayed a *white feather*. There were but two modes that presented them-

selves; one was to flood the country between them and the enemy, which they might have easily effected by cutting some dams; and the other, by concluding an armistice. The latter was the *safest* way, and a message was conveyed to Bruno, whose demands were the more exorbitant from the fear which he had so lately experienced, and which he artfully contrived to keep alive in our hero, by talking big. He required the restitution of the flotilla to the Bighose, and, as some loss of men must necessarily have been sustained in consequence of a harassed retreat, and a molested embarkation, he demanded that a number of Gulls and Bighose (equal to nearly half the Freeland and Bearskin army), who were prisoners in Freeland, should be released and sent home. This affair cannot but remind us of the answer of England's fifth Harry to a similar demand of the constable of France:

" Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
" Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
" The man that once did sell the lion's skin
" While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
" And many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
" Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,

" Shall witness live in brass of this day's work,
" And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
" Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
" They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
" And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
" Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
" The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
" Let me speak proudly; tell the constable,
" We are but warriors for the working day.
" Our gayness and our gilt are all be-smirch'd
" With rainy marching in the painful field.
" There's not a piece of feather in our host;
" (Good argument, I hope, we will not fly:)
" And time hath worn us into slovenry.
" But, by the mass our hearts are in the trim:
" And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night,
" They'll be in fresher robes; for they will pluck
" The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
" And turn them out of service. If they do,
" (As, if God please, they shall) my ransom then
" Will soon be levy'd. Herald, save thy labour,
" Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
" They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
" Which if they have, as I will leave 'em them,
" Shall yield 'em little; tell the constable."

Shakespeare.

But our *Bobadil* was no such a bull-dog of war as to suffer himself to be strangled rather

than let go his enemy, and he preferred to ransom his *joints—even at the expence of his* ——. The first article was, however, so excessively disgraceful, that he peremptorily refused it, and Bruno *wisely* gave it up; in the second, the demand was mitigated to about half the number.

THUS ENDED THE MOST DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR THAT EVER THE FREELAND ARMS EXPERIENCED!

The evil did not end here; the example of the commander-in-chief was contagious. If a general was taxed with acting like a fool, or a poltroon, he had only to shrug up his shoulders and exclaim, "*The greatest commanders have lost themselves at times.*"—Nay, some military quacks had afterwards the impudence to make interest for, and some ministers (*men of talents* too in the public pick-pocket line) had the roguery or stupidity to grant commands to them, who were scarcely qualified to head a possé of constables in quelling a trifling riot. We shall have a touch at some of these worthies presently, who have as happily taken off the public attention from the egregious blunders of the com-

mander-in-chief to their own, as if he had purposely and politicly selected them as a foil to himself. The *grateful* Freelanders would perhaps have raised temples and erected statues of stone—all the *brass* will be required for *all the talents*—to perpetuate the exploits of this new dynasty of heroes or demigods, if they had not rendered it very problematical whether Freeland herself might exist very long. We will endeavour to do justice to their merits in few words :

Freelanders, cease your grief—you've cause for laughter;
Bold Y—— ran first; W— and C— after!—

In all matters of profit or loss—it is usual, in the former, for each of the parties engaged to claim as great a share of the transaction as possible; but, in the latter, to shove the whole off upon the partner. This was the case with the Freelanders and Bearskins; but the folly seemed pretty equally divided. The delay of our hero was no less fatal to the expedition in the first instance, than was the delay occasioned by the misbehaviour and insubordination of the Bearskins in the first combined attack, in the second instance. Our hero's retreat, indeed, sealed the whole, and we devoutly pray to heaven, that the

remembrance of it may have for ever sealed up his unlucky ardour for military fame, which has sealed the doom of so many thousands of brave fellows!

Our hero left the drudgery of superintending the embarkation of the troops to others, as unworthy of himself, and returned to the peaceful bosom of his seraglio to receive some such congratulations as Doll Tearsheet bestowed upon her hero, Falstaff:—"Ah, you sweet little rogue, you: alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face—come on, you whoreson chops, eh, rogue! I love thee, thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than nine worthies."—Our hero, in the articles of his armistice, *modestly* rated his own worth to the tune of as many *thousand worthies!* Freeland rated it at———————.

CHAPTER XIII.

" Two trumpets FAME does sound at once,
" But both of clean contrary tones;
" But whether both with the same wind,
" Or one before, and one behind,
" We know not; only this can tell,
" The one sounds vilely, t'other well;
" And therefore vulgar authors name
" Th' one good, the other evil, Fame."

Hudibras.

WE do not mean to insinuate that a person, of our hero's *high* birth and rank, can be so unpolished as to betray any symptoms of the *mauvaise honte* before the world; but there is a certain degree of *sheepishness* attending the undertaking any thing above our strength or genius (perhaps implanted by nature to curb our headstrong ambition) which will break out at some unguarded moment. It was in one of those

moments that our hero, as he was drinking a batch of burgundy with the *Squire*, his brother—*for want of better employment*—began to curse Dame Fortune for a slippery, eel-like b—.

"Come, come, Fred.," cried George, "you have very little cause to complain of her, I am sure. She has made you the *third* man of the *first manor* in the world—let the world say what it will. As Fortune therefore has the merit of all your advantages, throw your disadvantages upon her shoulders, and let her bear the blame of your being no soldier. Tell the world, with a smiling face, that—

> The statesman's wiles, the gamester's throw,
> The *soldier's fame*, the merchant's gains,
> The lover's joy, the pris'ner's chains,
> Are but as Fortune shall bestow:
> 'Tis Fortune governs all below.—

You would be a soldier, but she says nay; and let them clap the saddle upon the right horse. Why, hang it, brother, you are as dull as a *learned brother* at the bar. Come, cheer up, and as those long-robed gentlemen refresh their

flagging wits with quotations from *Joe Miller*, do thou raise thine by deep potations. The latter are as sovereign a remedy for a dry beating as the former are for dry law. Drink, maester; my swag-belly, my swig-pot, my swill-can, my waste-butt, my leak-flaggon! I did not care if I were a fish, so it were a whale, the king of fishes, and the ocean were converted into wine. How I would lave my outside and inside with the purple liquid! Drink, my boy, and if the ocean will not break down the dams, and swallow up those d—d phlegmatic, treacherous, ungrateful rascals, the Bighose, let us drown them in wine. Let us forget all past *expeditions*."

"Aye, but will the world forget them, George?"

"Never, Fred.—

> "*Democritus* ne'er laugh'd so loud,
> "To see bawds carted thro't he crowd,—"

—as the world laughs at thy flying and swimming exploits. It is a kind of delicious food to grinning plebeian rogues to laugh at the disgrace of their betters. But console yourself.

A hero is not he who struts in fortune's sunshine, but he who struggles against her frowns, with scarce a whole bone in his black-and-blue skin. It is *bottom* that makes the hero, and *beating* proves it. You are, therefore, a hero of the first water, as you have been beaten, banged, kicked, and thumped, beyond all example, ancient or modern,—like a stock-fish, a smith's anvil, a merry-andrew, a stage-clown, a buffoon, a horse, an ass, a fool——"

"Brother!" cried the General, thumping the table with his fist in great choler,—"but that you are my brother, you would not have dared to offer this insult to my cloth"

"'Tis very good, superfine, scarlet broadcloth," said the Squire, feeling his brother's sleeve, "and cost the *manor* a matter of 30 shillings a yard, besides laces, tags, points, edgings, facings, gracings, and such stuff. Your valet, too, will say, that it is the best coat you ever wore in your life, as the Gulls and Bighose saved him all the trouble of dusting it. It is, however, time to have a new one; but the outward man is quite out of the question at pre-

sent; let us mind the inward one. Fill—I'm primed, and only wait for the word of command.—*Fire!*"

"Fire away and be d—d then, you shotten-herring!" cried the but half-pacified general.—"I'll tell you what, George; notwithstanding all your *sense*, the world thinks you as much an ass and a fool as myself; and if you should live long enough to sway this manor, they expect no better success from your government than from my generalship. I doubt much whether you will ever enter the temple of *Fame* at the right gate."

"That is *posterity's* business, Fred., and not mine. If ever I should enter it—"

—"It will be through some bye-passage, George, as you steal to your antiquated Venus, *Maria Fitzwaddle*."

"Or as you stole away from the Gulls and Bighose, Fred."

"I was mistaken in them, George, as you are in thinking yourself the *delight* of the Free-landers."

"I'll bet you, Fred., any one horse in my stud against one of your's—the winner to choose,

—that my *fame* stands higher in their opinion than your's."

"Hey-day!" cried *Charles Brush*, popping in his furzey phiz at the door. "Disputing about fame, indeed! I should rather have expected to find you measuring lengths on the floor, to see which was the tallest man."

SQUIRE.

"D—n it! Charley; you're just come in time to decide the bet."

BRUSH.

"Let it be a hogshead of claret then, and no stakes drawn."

SQUIRE.

"Agreed——"

GENERAL.

"It's a bargain."

BRUSH.

"Why then, (strange as it may appear!) I dream'd, last night only, about the very case in point. It appeared to me that we three were in company, and the same conversation and appeal to myself took place. I was staggered to decide between your various *merits*, when, casting my eyes around, I beheld on the top of a high,

rocky hill, a temple, over the portal of which were inscribed the words,—'*The Temple of Fame.*'—I instantly pointed it out to you, and, confessing my inability to decide the question, proposed that you should both run towards it, and whoever should enter the gate first, should have the precedence. You acquiesced in the proposal, and started fairly. Frederic was the best *runner*, and soon got considerably a-head; but when he came to ascend the hill, he rushed on without looking for a path, by which means he lost much time, as he often tumbled down, bringing loose fragments of rock with him, to his imminent hazard. George, on the contrary, took time, and looked about for some secret passage, and when he had found it, proceeded without much danger or interruption, but rather slowly. Fortune, however, would so have it, that you reached the gate precisely together, and, when I came up, I was as much at a loss how to decide, as before.

"After some hesitation, I again proposed that we should enter the temple, and consult the goddess. We approached the tall, long-sided dame, as Hudibras calls her,—

" That, like a thin cameleon, boards
" Herself on air, and eats her words;
" Upon her shoulders wings she wears
" Like hanging-sleeves, lin'd through with ears.
" And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
" Made good by deep mythologist.
" With these she thro' the welkin flies,
" And sometimes carries truth, oft lies;
" With letters hung, like eastern pigeons,
" And Mercuries of furthest regions;
" Diurnals writ for regulation
" Of lying to inform the nation,
" And by their public use to bring down
" The rate of whet-stones in the kingdom.
" About her neck a pacquet-mail,
" Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
" Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
" And cows of monsters brought to bed;
" Of hail-stones big as pullets' eggs,
" And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs;
" A blazing star seen in the west,
" By six or seven men at least."—

I, myself, made known to her the cause of our intrusion. The goddess, with a haughty air, nodded to a little, pale, swarthy man, in black clothes, who appeared to be soliciting her notice, and he immediately pulled out of his pocket, pen, ink, and paper, and put himself in

the attitude of writing.—"Let each of the *rival candidates*," cried the goddess, "now proceed to relate the achievements on which he founds his pretensions to me; and do you, CERVANTES HOGG," added she, addressing herself to the little, pale, swarthy man, in black clothes, "faithfully record them. Begin, George; that preference, at least, is due to your seniority."

George recounted his amours—his nocturnal exploits, gaming transactions, and boozing-bouts, which the little, pale, swarthy man wrote down. Frederic next ran through a similar career, with the addition of his duel, and two campaigns, which the little, pale, swarthy man also noted. The goddess then commanded the little, pale, swarthy man, to read what he had written: and, after having praised his *correctness*, and pondered a while, she pronounced aloud: "Let all the world hear what *Fame* says of these two heroes!"—Then suddenly turning her back, she lowered her head, raised her posteriors, and blew three such *postern blasts* as made the temple totter over our heads, and appeared to articulate these three words:—

"PAR NOBILE FRATRUM!"

The temple shook so, that Frederic ran away in a fright, *as usual*, and we followed, dreading to be buried under the ruins. We were no sooner out of danger, than I was seized with so immoderate a fit of laughter at this whimsical and equal decision, that I awoke in the midst of it. Fame has decided your merits to be equal; and, as I have too much of the *bienséance* to contradict a lady—particularly a goddess, I declare that—

GEORGE *shakes the dice-box with most grace;*—but then,—

FREDERIC *is the best runner and swimmer.*

—You must, therefore, contribute equally to the hogshead of claret, and the sooner we begin upon it, the better. And, now I think of it, *Dicky Merryman* promised to join us so soon as the owls and bats begin to flit."

SQUIRE.

"What! my salamander-faced Bardolph! Well may I exclaim with Falstaff—"My skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown. I am withered like an old Apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking. I shall be out of heart shortly,

and then I shall have no strength to repent. An' I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of—I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse; the inside of a church! Company, *villainous company* hath been the spoil of me."

BRUSH.

"But don't spoil *good* company by *bad* reflections. Let us preach *reformation* to others; and when we have made an end of the hogshead of claret, it will be time eno' to begin to think of reforming *ourselves*."

CHAPTER XIV.

" And yet this tough, impracticable heart
" Is govern'd by a dainty-finger'd girl,
" Such flaws are found in the most worthy natures;
" A laughing, toying, wheedling whimp'ring *she*
" Shall make him amble on a gossip's message,
" And take the distaff with a hand as patient
" As e'er did Hercules."

LET the world (says a certain author) cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball, at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good-humour in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behaviour that any of us can possibly assume; it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by *dissipation*, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose

it: by the first method, we forget our miseries; by the last, we only conceal them from others: by struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict: but a sure method to come off victorious is by running away.'

This doctrine of *running away* quadrated exactly with our hero's ideas, and he pursued *dissipation* so closely, that Falstaff's self-drawn character would exactly fit him;—"I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter of—an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass; and now I love out of all order, out of all compass."—A numerous *serail* must be attended with vast expence, and when a man's revenue is exceeded by his expenditure, he generally flies to a gaming-house as the speediest method of *raising the wind*—although he oftener sinks himself. Debts of honour multiplied, and another considerable estate, called *Wheatlands* was rattled away in one night; but the *good old lord* contrived to get it back,

and to have it settled on the lady *Frederica*, as the only means of keeping it fast.

The *great man's* credit got so low that his bonds were hawked about at half their amount; but money must still be raised, as ladies, who live upon their favours, seldom can obtain, and consequently cannot give *long credit*. An obscure individual now started up with a deep-laid scheme of trammelling the *great man*, and raising himself by the powerful lever of his passions and his necessities. Mr. *Greentimber* had formerly filled the humble office of clerk to an army-agent; but his pliability, and assiduity had procured him admission into the firm. His craft and the *great man's* folly (not to bestow on it a harsher term) finally made him an army-*broker*—his little other great self!!!

'Ego *et Rex Meus!*'

If any one of the *great man's* temporary favourites bethought herself of wanting some *few thousands* of pounds for a magnificent house, furniture *à la Grecque* or *à l'Egyptienne*, a sideboard of plate, jewels, equipage, horses, retinue, opera-box, or other *prudent fancy*; Mr. Greentimber had continued to procure for himself the

honour of being considered the *accommodating friend* of the great man, and became his *creditor* (perdition seize the disgraceful word!) to an immense amount. This was not long doing, as the furniture of one lady's *kitchen* only (by the bye, in all the places she had formerly lived as a servant, none of her mistresses had ever such an one for her to cook and wash dishes in) amounted to as much money as would have built and endowed an alms-house for *twenty* poor people—*for ever!*

Now, Reader, if thou art wise, thou wilt know; if thou art otherwise, thou mayest as well be told that a man, who is truly sensible of the value of that most valuable of all valuables,—

INDEPENDENCE,

considers every obligation which he receives, even from a *superior*, as conferring the worst kind of slavery—*mental slavery!*—but for a man of the highest rank to stoop to receive them from one of the very lowest, and to suffer the creature of his will to dictate to him, and undermine his importance, dignity, and honour——there is no *manhood* in it!

" Moon step behind some cloud; some tempest rise,
" And blow out all the stars that light the skies
" To shrowd my shame."——

A man may be justly considered as the *slave* of his creditor, and, in fact, the laws of many countries doom a debtor to slavery as a punishment upon his knavery or imprudence. The *great man* stepped into this quagmire with as little foresight as he had entered some hostile countries, and never thought of retreating till it was impossible; he was then obliged to—capitulate!—When his debt had accumulated beyond his power to pay, Mr. *Greentimber* had gained his ends; he was commander-in-chief *officially*—the other little more than *nominally*. If any sordid, mean, unjust advantage was taken of this enormously great power, placed in the hands of so superlatively inconsiderable an object, the *great man* might blush—he could do no more! You cannot with the least propriety turn off a tradesman before *his bill is discharged*. Our great man, therefore, resembled the lion in the fable, with his claws out, and his teeth drawn, shrinking from the cudgel of a clown. What money Mr. *Greentimber* disbursed on

account of the *great man's love-breaking* affairs, he contrived to replace by *commission-purchase*; and money, not merit, became the standing order of the day. But even Mr. *Greentimber* had his intervals of *prudence*, or else the great man's extravagance sometimes outran his *honest army-trade*. One of the great man's mistresses was obliged to remain for some time in the 'durance vile' of a bailiff—(I beg pardon of these *professional* gentlemen—I should have said sheriff's officer) notwithstanding her being a *femme couverte*. To make the best of this disgraceful stain upon the lady's *reputation*, the sheriff's officer was prevailed upon to give a receipt for *her body* on all similar occasions, and became her garde *du corps*, that is to say, the lady, her guardian, and, to *prevent scandal*, we suppose, her guardian's wife, were often seen (poison to the sight!) disgracing the *great man's* carriage and liveries, and, we had almost said, the streets.

If a lady had a pressing occasion for a present supply, which Mr. *Greentimber* could not, or would not produce, matters were often accommodated through other channels;—she

might take up jewels, or purchase horses upon her note of hand, even though she could only set her mark to it, upon the strength of her connection with the *great man*, which was too creditable to her not to be made as public as possible. There are pawnbrokers' shops and livery stables in every street, to dispose of the jewels and horses, and the wind was prosperous for the present. Commissions in the army are also desirable, valuable, transferable *articles of trade*, and it was impossible that they should escape the avidity of those harpies. A commission is a pretty present to a brother, cousin, or *flashman;* it will satisfy a tradesman, who has only to have his apprentice or shopman's name inserted in it, and it may be immediately sold for a few hundreds through the same channel that procured it.—Reader, take the following absolute fact as one of many instances which have come to our knowledge. A certain *fiddler*, who leads the band at one of the public places of summer entertainments, had a son—a very minnikin indeed, for whom he very naturally wished to make a comfortable provision—somewhat rather above his own *profession* of *teasing*

the *catgut*. Vanity has been often a stumbling-block to men possessed of more sense than commonly falls to the lot of a man of *horse-hair*. The fiddler, blind as parents generally are, wished to see his son wear a red coat; but he had no money to pay for the permission. A lucky momentary idea has often proved of more advantage than whole years of drudgery. The fiddler had a brother-in-law, who by a most fortuitous coincidence of circumstances, happened to profess the *art*—no, *science*—of *dancing*, and to have been employed to give a polish to one of the *great man's* mistresses, really or fictitiously named *Carter*. This lady, fortunately for our fiddler, had our *great man* in her *leading strings* just at that time; and equally fortunately she could drive four in hand, and was an adept at almost every fashionable *pastime*—except that of dancing——she could not—

> With pliant arm in graceful motion vie,
> Now sunk with ease, with ease now lifted high;—

whatever other pleasing motions she might have had; and this defect was a sad blot in her *genteel* bringing up. The fiddler was not such a fool as to have to learn that there are certain

capriccios between an *adagio* and an *andantè* movement, which touch the soul, and melt it into yielding fondness; and he applied to his brother-in-law, the dancing-master, to apply to his pupil, to prefer to the MISS-LED GENERAL, a memorial for a commission *pour le pauvre petit garçon*, the fiddler's minnikin. Females, in Mrs. *Carter's* situation, are very ready to confer favours, as it gratifies their vanity to have their *patronage* solicited, as well as their revenge for the contempt of the world, by showing their absolute sway. What arguments the dancing-master made use of to persuade the lady to become his advocate, we know not; but the lady set to work—with her *head*, we suppose—and put in practice such *moving* arguments, as did the general's business, and the fiddler's son's too. Before the sun had taken another day's race, the *minnikin* was an ensign in ——— regiment, —a post for which the son of a meritorious veteran lieutenant had vainly applied during several preceding months. Here was a *slight* deviation from Shakspeare's old-fashioned rules:—

" ——————— Let none presume
" Without the stamp of merit to obtain:

" O that estates, degrees, and offices,
" Were not deriv'd corruptly; and that clear honour
" Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer.
" How many then would cover, who stand bare!
" How many be commanded, who command!
" How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
" From the true seed of honour! And how much honour
" Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
" To be new varnish'd."

—but, doubtless, our commander-in-chief was of the opinion of the ancient philosophers, who held, that virtue, and, we presume, merit, were their own rewards, and imagined that the veterans of the army would be satisfied with the consciousness of having performed their duty, and would seek no other reward. Be the motive what it might, a very—very short time had elapsed before our officer found the pleasure of strutting at *Vauxhall*, or other public places, in a red coat, more than counterbalanced by the insupportable drudgery of wearing cross-belts, cartridge-boxes, sash, gorget, and carrying, sometimes for half an hour together, the *colours*, which were—*above his strength. The duty was too severe!!!* It would have excited pity only to have seen his feeble frame tottering

under the load of honour, whilst he writhed with pain like Atlas labouring under the weight of the globe.—*Defend the colours!*—By the lips of my mistress! he could not support them. What was to be done?—Our commander-in-chief, like a tinker, who stops one hole and makes two, had made a regulation that no commission should be sold which had not been purchased, and that, if purchased, it should not be sold for more than its cost. Now, the coin in which the fiddler's son's commission had been paid for, although *very common*, yet had not been made *current* by any law of the *manor*. But we are told that there are no general rules without exceptions, and we know that females who can laugh at the rules of decorum will laugh at any thing. Mrs. Carter was, therefore, applied to by the fiddler, through the medium of the dancing-master, to *memorialize* the commander-in-chief—for permission for our minnikin officer to—*sell out!* Yes, by all the beard on the boy's face, and the back of our hand—to sell out!—Well—the lady again renewed the fire from the battery of all her argument *à priori ad posterius*, and, as we have seen that our general was always beaten

in the field, why—he was no more able to withstand the fire in the *boudoir*, which enfiladed him, and took him in every position—back, front, side, standing, sitting, or lying. By the army regulations it is ordered, that whenever any officer shall desire to sell his commission, he shall sign a memorial, stating the *grounds* on which he forms his expectations of being permitted to dispose of his commission, and praying that he may be allowed to sell it at the regulated price. Now, we do conceive that the only proper grounds for permission to sell, are, that the memorialist purchased his commission, and that wounds, long service, or the welfare of his family, require his retreat. What sort of a memorial could have been framed in the present instance? We can only hit upon one, and that is the relation of the facts themselves as follows:—That the father of the memorialist being a man of horse-hair, cat-gut, and rosin, and your memorialist a pert, ignorant, presuming youth, conceived that it would be for the honour of the family and the advancement of the memorialist to get a commission in the army;—that application was accordingly made to a *female-dealer*,

who obtained the end of their wishes in return for *goods*, *wares*, and *merchandizes* furnished by her to the commander-in-chief;—that your memorialist, upon trial, discovered that he had wholly stepped out of his element, and was totally unqualified for the undertaking, which requires the strength of a man, and the courage of a lion; for which reasons, he humbly prays to be permitted to receive an equivalent for the *labours* of his patroness.—Whatever was the nature of the memorial, the lady *backed* it with so much energy, that the son of the fiddler—the nephew of the dancing-master—the *protegé* of the prostitute, actually received the sum of THREE HUNDRED *Pounds* for his commission!!!—

This was so far from being a solitary instance, that it was an usual question put by the officers to each other, but in terms which we cannot permit to sully the *chastity* of our paper: "*Who* PUSHED *you in?*—Indeed, if we could but look at the dark, intricate, mazy, winding passages, crevices, chinks, caverns, and labyrinths, through which some men wriggle themselves, or are wriggled into posts, pensions, offices and digni-

ties, we could scarce refrain from laughter, notwithstanding our contempt and indignation. Indeed, where a commander-in-chief has succeeded to his high station through any other channel than his intrinsic merit, we cannot wonder at his disregard of it in all the subordinate appointments, as ignorance is only to be kept in countenance by ignorance. When commissions are sold, or bestowed on favourites, we cannot be surprised that *general officers* on the staff should study the art of currying favour with their superiors, as the grand maxim of the art of war, and that bustling, prating, cringing, fawning, boasting *pretenders*, should sometimes thrust themselves forwards into the command of expeditions. We need not be astonished that their *aids-de-camp* should pimp for them, escort their mistresses to all public places, and be bail for them, if they should have the misfortune to be arrested;—that *colonels* should consider their regiments as *jobs*, or licences to make a fortune by extortions from, and diminutions of the few comforts of the private;—that *majors* should be compelled, through ignorance, to entrust the manœuvring of their regiments to their *adju-*

tants who sometimes know little more than themselves:—that *quarter-masters* should go snacks with the *contractors* in purloining the regimental stores;—that the *surgeons* should be mere *Sangrados* and *Lasts;* the *chaplains prigs;* the younger officers *pistols;* the *subalterns* negligent; and the privates insubordinate, and ignorant of their duty. In short, nothing can be a matter of astonishment, but that an army, so organized and officered, should ever be successful.

A traffic in commissions, being once commenced, must be continued, or a door would be opened for the most flagrant partiality and unjust preference. The consequence is, that men who come into the service with an ardent zeal to learn their duty, and to signalize themselves on any occasion, soon imbibe a distaste for it, when they find that they must continue in the lowest ranks, because they are poor. Veteran officers of tried merit have often the mortification of seeing themselves commanded by striplings of opulent families, *bye-blows* as well as *lawful issue*, who enter the service, not to do their duty, but because their friends can push them into un-

deserved rank. Their fortunes enable them to amuse themselves at assemblies, and to debauch such of the other officers as can afford to keep company with them, whilst the poor meritorious officer, who performs their duty and his own, is regarded with contempt by them. Let us state a case:—A commission is to be sold; the senior officers may be men of merit, but perhaps they have no money; the commission is purchased by the youngest and least experienced officer of that, or some other corps, to the disgust of many deserving men, and scandal and detriment of the service.

Flagrant abuses seldom start up at once, but arise from circumstances. The practice of purchase and sale of commissions originated at a time when the *flotilla* of Freeland was regarded as fully adequate to its defence against foreign insults, and the army was upon a small establishment. It was then imagined that the sale of commissions would add to the respectability of the army, by keeping out those who could not afford to support the character of gentlemen. This regulation might have been well enough when the chief business of an officer was to please

the eyes of the ladies; but, in a crisis of danger, when the *Manor* is obliged to endure the heaviest burthens to keep an insatiate free-booter at a distance; when it becomes necessary to the common safety to sacrifice every interested motive upon the altar of our country;—the army should be what it ought to be, and what it would soon be, if precedence were to become the reward of merit; something more than——*a jest!*—

A *Tom Thumb* ensign, on the recruiting service, was obliged to stand on a stool to inspect the men who passed under the standard. One of them being rejected because he was an inch under the mark:—"What!" cried he, "am I not fit for a soldier? Make me an officer, then; for I see, any thing will do for that."—

CHAPTER XV.

BERTRAM.

What a past-saving slave is this!

1st LORD.

Y'are deceived, my lord; this is *Monsieur Parolles*, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the shape of his dagger.

2d LORD.

I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.—

Shakespeare's All's Well, &c.

We have already recorded the exploits of *All the Talents* in our Romance of the *Rising Sun*, and should not again strike at an aspiring hungry faction, degraded below contempt by making attempts above their skill, but that it is immediately connected with our present plan to take notice of the catastrophe of their military enterprises;—

" *Fools* only make attempts above their skill;
" A wise man's power's the limit of his will."

One of the loudest barkers of the whole of this clamorous pack was a COLONEL CHEESECURD, who supported all the frigid, chimerical declamations of Mr. *Windpuff* relative to the organization of the army. Having become possessed by some *crincum-crankum* means or other of a commission in the *regular* army, he was as illiberal as his patron in his invective against the brave, patriotic, *self-paid* volunteers; over whom, as so many schoolboys, this pedagogue held his BIRCH of ridicule, styling them a parcel of shopmen, *pastry-cooks*, &c. But this *raillery* proved more disgraceful to himself in the end, than to those against whom it was levelled, and we hope it will remind the gallant militarist that—

" 'Tis in the ablest hand a dang'rous tool,
" But never fails to wound the *meddling fool:*
" For all must grant it needs no common art
" To keep men patient when we make them smart:
" Not wit alone, nor humour's self, will do,
" Without good nature, and much prudence too,
" To judge aright of persons, place, and time,
" For taste decrees what's low or what's sublime.

" And what might charm to day, or o'er a glass,
" Perhaps at court, or next day would not pass.
" Then leave to *low buffoons* by custom bred,
" And form'd by nature to be kick'd and fed,
" The vulgar; and un-envied chance to hit
" All persons, right or wrong, with random wit."

The whole party forced themselves into office by *buffoonery*—maintained themselves in it as long as they could, and a very short time too, by *buffoonery*, and were kicked out like *buffoonery* when it becomes tedious, impertinent, or dangerous. Our brave volunteers returned all the *buffoonery* of Messrs. *Windpuff and Cheesecurd* with laughter, until it was converted into contempt and indignation by the disgrace which it afterwards entailed on the country. Well, to our story. This *colonel*, having unfortunately, either to give a specimen of his literary or military genius, translated some work on the events of a foreign war, and spun it out with a treatise on several branches of the military art; his over-heated imagination imbibed the idea that he was qualified to become a *gallant militarist*—a second *Jack the Giant-Killer*. To bring the matter to a trial, he got himself elected a member of the *Common Hall*, where he talked so

much about it—and all about—and so long about it—and so vociferously about it, that the heads of his party, not knowing what to do at home to save their credit, and answer the expectations which their vain boastings had raised, determined to try whether this great man at his tongue, could carve out any road to fame for them abroad with his sword. *Desperate diseases, desperate remedies!*

One General *Bearsfoot* had either been ordered by the preceding administration or had taken upon himself for the good of the service—the first is most probable—although it has never been clearly ascertained—to sieze upon some rich distant settlements belonging to the *Gravcairs;* and he had subdued more by *surprise*, than his force was well sufficient to enable him to maintain by *open force*, when the enemy should have recovered from their panic, without speedy assistance. He had displayed considerable ability in taking possession of *Mount-I-See*, and *Bon-Air*, two considerable stations; and would, probably, have baffled all the efforts of the enemy to expel him, before assistance could arrive, but for an accident. A storm drove his flotilla from

before *Box-Air*, and enabled that of *Mount-I-see* to come to the assistance of their friends. This junction enabled the Graveairs to attack general *Bearsfoot* with such a superiority of force, that after a most desperate and honourable defence he was reduced to the necessity of surrendering.

The men of *All the Talents*, who had ever depreciated the measures of *Billy Vortex's* administration, would not take the responsibility of this expedition upon themselves. They resembled the ass between two bundles of hay. Their envy would have been gratified by the failure of the scheme, whilst their avarice made them determine to reap the advantage which the country expected to derive from it. They, therefore, not to incur the imputation of the former, and not to lose the latter, began preparations for sending out a strong reinforcement, to bestow on their partizan, colonel Cheesecurd, a high though not chief command, to which his rank and standing in the service could not entitle him, as there were much older, and tried officers going out with him. Any person, however, they imagined would do for the nominal chief, as the gallant militarist was to be the *acting* one,

and one *Whitepot*, a very good sort of a *home-brewed* general whose whole service had consisted of reviewing regiments, and making returns of their efficiency, was fixed upon for the purpose.

We might have censured our commander-in-chief for not having been aware, from the experience of his own military failures, of the folly and danger of entrusting the command of expeditions to men of parade and theory, and for not pointing out many veterans, who had signalized themselves under his own eye, as more fit for the trust, if truth did not oblige us to state that his brother the *Rising Sun*, was the idol of the ministry, and that the General, we believe, was overborne by the torrent of their insolence to which even the *lord* himself thought convenient to *appear* to submit for a while.

Now, whether it proceeded from the jealousy in *all the talents* of the success of a measure concerted by their rivals—or whether they had so much business to arrange among themselves previously to the sailing of colonel *Cheesecurd's* expedition, (as it was termed) respecting the division of the *loaves and fishes*, which the con-

quered places were expected to afford, among their *famish'd* relatives, friends, dependents, and long-expecting creditors;—certain it is, that their dispatch was not adequate to the necessity and the distance, and general *Bearsfoot's* disaster had happened before any succour arrived.

Well, Reader—now imagine in your mind's eye that you see it arrived; and next you shall see (as the show-man says to the little girls and boys peeping into his box on a fair-day) *what you shall see!*—Such sights as will make you laugh on one side of your face and cry on the other: laugh to witness the exploits of the *gallant militarist*, and cry, with Falstaff, that all the talents are d—d in hell for swearing to gentlemen that he was a good soldier, and a tall fellow!—Such sights will never be seen again—at least we hope so—in any other *raree-show* exhibited in *Freeland*.—We might, indeed, sicken at such sights, if philosophy and experience did not assure us that,—

"Life is but a droll, rather wretched than rare-o,
"And so ends the ballad of Bartleme' Fair-o."

When the expedition arrived at *Mount-I-see*, which was still in the possession of the Free-

landers, they were informed of the disaster at *Bon-Air*, and general *Whitepot* issued his orders *fortiter in re*, but not *suaviter in modo*—for the merchants to take up arms, that the whole military force might go against *Bon-Air*. We shall not call the prudence of the order in question; but it should be observed that merchants, particularly those of Freeland, who acknowledge only the laws of the constitution, do not relish being ordered into the ranks like slavish conscripts. Their patriotism, perhaps we may add their interest, may make them submit to numberless inconveniences, privations, hardships, and even a relaxation of rights; but they cannot consent to yield their independence, and be considered as Bearskin-boors, or Gull-slaves. Their compliance, therefore, not being as instantaneous with the peremptory orders of the commander-in-chief, as might have been expected from his soldiers, he convened them at the government-house, and harangued them in the following energetic and elegant terms:—"I have been informed that some of you are averse to bear arms. I should be glad to see the man who *dares* to say, I won't do this, or I won't do that. D—n me!

I'm a *Freelander*, and will soon let him know what my powers are—I'll soon *compel* him. I know what the law of *Freeland* is, and what martial law is. I have ever lived upon good terms with all kinds of men; I *respect* the character of *Freeland* merchants, and wish to go hand in hand with them in this, and in all other matters. The reason for my *ordering* them to arm is, that I may go against *Bon-Air* with as great a force as possible. When the fleet arrives, unless laudanum be administered to me, d—n me, you shall see that I shall not sleep. I shall immediately proceed to retake *Bon-Air*. It cannot be the work of much time—about four or five days at most."—

The interlarding oaths are not strictly genteel, but they may be permitted to generals in chief, on certain occasions—such as to evince their own courage, or to rouze that of their troops, as we find by the following maxim:—'Though you are not to allow swearing in others, it being forbidden by the articles of war; yet, by introducing a few oaths occasionally, you will give your inferiors some idea of your courage, especially if you should be advanced in years; for

then they must think you a *dare-devil* indeed!'—Cæsar's Commentaries cannot boast of so boasting an oration, and to complete it, when the magistrates of the place attended the General to the place of his embarkation, and wished him success, he replied,—"*Oh, I'm sure of that!*"

——— "Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mute, if you prattle me into these perils."—

The troops were landed in a swamp at a great distance from *Bon-Air*, perhaps to accustom them to hardships; and although there was a great train of artillery embarked, the General thought it unnecessary to batter the town. Orders were given to attack it in three divisions, one led by our *gallant militarist*, and the other two by two officers of a *very different description*. Even the flints were taken out of the muskets; perhaps, to prevent the imputation of taking an advantage of the enemy, or of betraying symptoms of fear, unworthy of a Freelander.—About 400 men, with one six-pounder, were led up against a forty-gun battery, and about forty of them fell at one discharge. The bravery of

the soldiers was, however, irresistible, and they entered the place. But here—what was to be done? The enemy began to fire upon them from the house-tops, and through loop-holes made in the walls on purpose. The slaughter of the Freelanders was destructive and certain, whilst they could only run with their heads or their bayonets against the brick walls. In this dilemma, our *gallant* militarist espied a monastery, and not imagining that the Graveairs, who were catholics, would infringe so sacred a place, he led his men into it; but the military commandant of the place, one *Slim-ears*, battered the monastery, monks, and all together, and made the *gallant militarist* surrender. The most unlucky part of this business for our colonel was, that *Slim-ears* had formerly been a *pastry-cook*—one of that very trade whose soldiership he had so much ridiculed!—The tune was altered now; for—

—Says SLIM-EARS the *pastry-cook* to Col'nel CHEESE-CURD;—
"You a soldier! Why, d—n it! I'd drive you with
" cow's t—d;

" Sneer at *shop-keeping* heroes! you mere *puff-paste*
" scrub!
" With this BIRCH I will whip you like *whipt-syllabub.*"
School-boy *Che 'securd* so dreaded the *pastry-cook's* BIRCH,
That, to shelter his breech, he ran into a *church.*

Slim-cars had no sooner made sure of the colonel, than he artfully sent a message to General *Whitepot*, purporting, that such was the rage of his troops, that unless a capitulation was instantly entered into, he could not answer for the safety of the prisoners.—Reader—A commander-in-chief is to his army what the soul is to the body; it can neither think nor act without him, and, in short, is a perfect non-entity without its commander, as a wife is without her husband. He must, therefore, through pure good-will and affection for his troops, take care of his own sacred person, and never expose it to any danger. Now, whether *General Whitepot* was taking care of number one, or had been instructed to leave operations to the *gallant militarist*, he certainly was out of the way of knowing how matters stood, and he fell into the snare, and actually signed a capitulation binding himself to withdraw all his forces from *Mount-I-see* as well

as *Bon-Air* at the moment when the other two divisions were completely successful, in possession of the town, and more than half the troops, with the whole of the artillery had never been brought into action. The Graveairs themselves were astonished at their success; and the Freelanders raged with indignation. But, we are interrupted: what noise is that?——

Hark! hark! why roar the guns, the trumpets, drums?—
—The Victor of B—— A—— comes.—
With what reward his merits can we greet?—
—Give him an *ass*, and let him cry—*cat's-meat!*

CHAPTER XVI.

"Be friends, you *English* fools, be friends; we have *French* quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon."
Shakspeare's K. Hen. V.

When the pen of a satirist is wielded from interested, or malignant motives, it is a firebrand in the hands of a fool, or, what is worse, an incendiary; but when insatiate ambition burns for universal conquest, and the 'green-eyed' jealousy of an envious neighbour seeks to undermine the independence of an industrious, free, and magnanimous people, if it be directed against those internal factions, which, either through lust of power, avarice, or a gratification of any other selfish passions, are more destructive than all the machinations of the external foe; then the task becomes most useful, and, consequently, most honourable.—Horace says

it is commendable to put a man to the blush, by barking at him, if he deserves it:—

"*Si quis* opprobriis dignum latraverit—"

and Juvenal writes:

"Ense velut stricto, quotus Lucilius ardens
"Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
"Criminibus."

—that is, he recommends blushing to those who are insensible to crimes. But the best authority is—*our own conscience.*

What can we think of a man who purchases a commission in the army as a convenient mode of employing his money to the best advantage, without reflecting that his country would never bear such a burthen in time of peace without expecting that he would be capable of rendering it a service when occasion demands?—Why, that he is a moth in the state.—

What can we say of a man who, without consulting his own talents or courage, runs blindly into dangers which neither his skill nor fortitude can extricate him from, nor the, perhaps, thousands of brave soldiers who are

obliged to follow him blindly?—Why, that he sucks the blood of his fellow creatures.

Rank cowardice, or wilful treachery, is indeed to be punished with death; but the only punishment on the most *fatal errors*, is a dismissal, by way of prevention against the like accidents, or shutting the stable door after the steed is stolen. The mere chance of a similar disgrace, however, has been found, by experience, not to be always a sufficient balance to vanity, and self-interest; as many officers never reflect whether their capacities be adequate to the undertaking, but whether they can muster interest sufficient to obtain the appointment. To be able to discover and point out to ministers men capable of the proposed undertaking is, I believe, a grand requisite in a commander-in-chief; it certainly is the hinge on which the success of the measure is, under the divine will, to turn. As his credit, therefore, depends on the conduct of the general to whom he delegates so considerable a share of his own authority, he ought to lay aside every partial and interested motive, and consult only the welfare of the service.—It is not to say, that the consequences of

a discomfiture may be fatal, but whoever reads and understands the human mind, must be aware that it is equally buoyed up by good, and depressed by ill success. A want of confidence in the commanders is, therefore, more deeply felt by the soldiers, than repeated defeats, as, without skill, the utmost efforts of their courage will, probably, be unavailing. The commander is the life of the expedition, for—

"——— from his looks, as from divinity,
"The soldiers take presage, and cry—Lead on
"To victory and everlasting fame."

But, as the best planned attack may, and often does fail of success in the execution, through the cowardice, disobedience of orders, or unskilfulness of a single subordinate officer, the strictest attention should be paid to the admission of proper persons only into the service, which cannot be the case whilst every person, who can pay for a commission, may have it through the medium of an army-agent, without even a personal interview, or any other testimonials in his recommendation, save a draft on his banker.

The greatest abuses will creep into the best institutions, and as they advance gradually, they require, in general, to be gradually diminished, unless some very bold and skilful hand should dare to lay the axe to the root of the evil. It is high time that some preventive, or expellent, were applied to this disease. We are not, however, so little 'hackneyed in the ways of men,' as to imagine that, among men fluctuating, as they ever must be by nature, between passion and reason, vice and virtue, there can ever be an end of factious demagogues, invidiously, selfishly, and violently, or clandestinely, struggling for distinction, wealth, and power; neither do we believe that any legislative provisions, however wisely framed and faithfully enforced, can ever entirely subdue the hydra of corruption; but we conceive, in the present instance, that the *commander-in-chief* may, in a great measure, discountenance *improper* applications by enforcing a strict attention and observance of the duties of each station; and, at the same time, encourage meritorious exertions by evincing himself the friend of a deserving

officer—the constant asserter of his rights, and the faithful guardian of his interests. The intervention of those *moths*, the army agents, may be then nearly annihilated, or reduced within due bounds, and the portions of thousands of gallant veterans be no longer mortification, disgust, and penury in a garret or a gaol. It is impossible to behold the sufferings of so many of our brave defenders, and to witness the insulting and disgusting splendour of army-agents, contractors, barrack-masters and builders; and a long train of fat, indolent, peculating *et cæteri*, without exclaiming with honest indignation:—

"——————— Curse on the wretch,
"Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin!"

But what care they?—The groans of the people are drowned by their revels, and delicacy insulted by the daily annunciation, in the newspapers, of their fêtes, and musical parties.—

So NERO fiddled whilst ROME blaz'd!!!

Our hearts are not faint—our energy is not paralyzed—our nerves are not impaired—our pa-

triotic zeal is superior to the shafts of a *fool's bolt;* we want only sound heads, and honest hearts to guide and direct them. Without these our fate is doubtful, as the strength of Ajax were nothing without the wisdom of Nestor, and the cunning of Ulysses. We have strength, wisdom, and cunning, to contend against, and we should earnestly strive to meet them on equal terms. We must neither be *miss-led*, nor *old-woman-led*, if we would not be *slave-led*:—

"The thunderbolt is never seen till felt,
"And then it wounds beyond the reach of cure;
"Be not secure; none sooner are undone
"Than those whom confidence betrays to rest."—

Let Indians barter away their country for toys; we will maintain ours, which the blood of our ancestors has handed down to us, with the last drop of our own:—

"*Freeland* is safe, if true within itself;"—

And should the heart of her *implacable* foe be hardened to pursue her to her destruction, the *moat* which surrounds her, may prove to her enemies what the *Red Sea* was to *Pharaoh* and his *host*.

" Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
" Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
" And with their helps alone defend ourselves:
" In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies."

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